

RAMBLES IN AN ANCIENT COLONY
TERRA NOVA



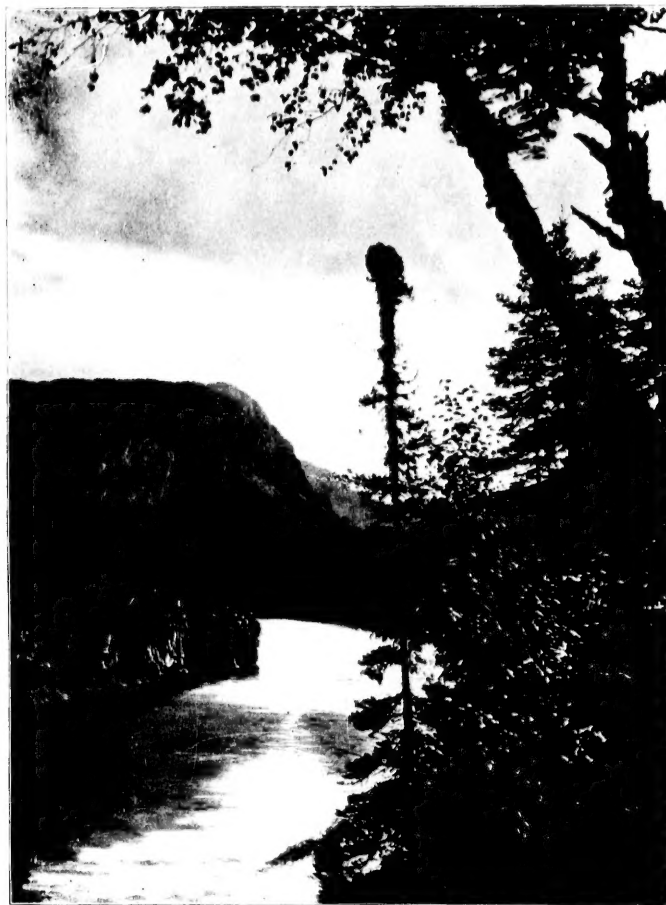
BOOK I.

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY

JAMES RUPERT ELLIOTT

MCM

Please return to
"The Elliott Homestead"
Clarinet, N.S.



Moonlight on the Humber. (By S. H. Parsons.)

RAMBLES IN AN ANCIENT COLONY
BY THE BANKS AND THE BERGS
TERRA NOVA

Book 1.

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY

BY
JAMES RUPERT ELLIOTT

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England," etc.

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REMARKS

The illustrations of this work are from photographs by Miss Holloway, Mr. James Vey, Mr. Parsons, Mr. Grey, Mr. Brotherton, and others, whose kindness has rendered it possible for the author to place before the public satisfactorily the scenery of Newfoundland.

J R E



INTRODUCTION

It is only recently that the rich resources of the "Old Colony," discovered by Cabot four hundred years ago, have become known even to the inhabitants of that country. And because it appears so new, and even undeveloped in many respects, its age and the veneration due it are appreciated by the student and close observer only.

Newfoundland contains intensely interesting areas for the researches of the geographer, the geologist, and the metallurgist, and also possesses many delights for the artist and poet, who cannot fail to be inspired by the beauties of its scenery. Here,

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also, the lover of sports or the leisurely feasting on the riches of nature, will find delightful recreation by forest and stream.

In and about Newfoundland, close up among the floating glaciers, are places where nature displays the wildest, boldest forms, and then again charms one with her serenity and loveliness. Here it is one finds those legends and stories which sometimes greatly amuse, and then again stir the very soul with their thrilling adventures. It is because of these histories, one may gather by travel among the beautiful scenery, that its peculiar and wonderful objects are doubly interesting. So that the earnest scholar visiting Newfoundland for philosophical research will not only learn of the remarkable productions and enjoy them, and also enjoy to the full the wild and beautiful scenery, but will acquire new knowledge about its unique customs and language, and will learn much of the peculiarities, traditions, sorrows, faiths, and hopes of this people.

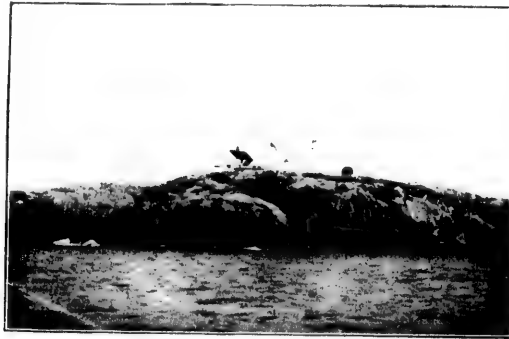
Newfoundland has been, and is, thought of by the world at large as an island far out in the wild ocean, new, primitive, and undeveloped. This, in a way, may be true; yet the thoughtful student who makes a tour of the country, travelling its long, rugged, jagged, weather-beaten mountains; its great expanses of straggling forests; its worn water-courses; its acres of beach rolled in from the sea; its settlements abounding with relics and traditions of days long gone by; its huge old weather-stained business establishments, denoting the customs of past times, will be greatly impressed with the thought of its unknown past—its unwritten and forgotten history.

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THE APPROACH BY CABOT STRAITS

On an evening in the early part of September we step on board the S S. "Bruce," at North Sydney, Cape Breton, to take passage to Port aux Basques; a port at the southwest extremity of Newfoundland, close in beside Cape Ray.



Light-house at Entrance to Port aux Basques

We are apt to consider, by what we have believed good authority, that between Cape Breton and Port aux Basques lies the highway of the seas, over which only the daring and adventurous would care to journey. But here we are tonight confidently looking forward to a speedy and comfortable passage over the Cabot Straits; full of anticipation of what is to be learned of the land discovered four hundred years ago by him whose name these Straits bear.

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We are now out upon this water, with the Gulf of St. Lawrence at our left, and the limitless expanse of the Atlantic, and the starry unknown, to our right. At eleven o'clock we seek our state-rooms, and find bright electric lights to show us that our rooms have all the appointments of the present century. And musing on what Cabot would think of all this were he journeying about these coasts again, we repose ourselves to rest.

The sea is smooth, and all the circumstances reconcile us to await in peace for whatever the fates have in store; and we are soon fast asleep.

At four in the morning—the very peep of day—we are awake, and immediately seek the deck, for we are nearing the coast, and do not want to miss the first sight of it.

A little more than two years ago we passed this way up the Straits, on a voyage from Liverpool to Montreal. We remember that on that day the fog was so dense that nothing was seen of the coast. How different is this! This glorious daybreak! The myriads of stars are still twinkling brightly overhead. In the east a radiant streak of red is extending landward and seaward, from a point to increased brilliancy. Soon we are able to trace the irregular rocky coast; following it around to the left, a view is obtained of the end of the mountain range which forms Cape Ray. Far out upon the end of its rocky point is the beacon-light, still faithfully at its good work of guiding the mariner.

The welcome harbinger of day is coming apace, and the streak in the east grows wider and more beautiful in colour. Gradually it is shaded delightfully from the dark yellow to the brilliant orange, while the rocky mountains by the coast assume all the shades of the lead colour by the water side, to the richest

THE APPROACH BY CABOT STRAITS

purple at their summits; blending all this glory with the splendour of the yellow sky above, and making it all a gorgeous picture. "The great beacon fire of the sun" burns out, the mountain tops are gilded, and the orchestra of the wilds begin to hum their welcome. The little homes by the sea — the village of Channel and the more scattered hamlets — sparkle in these first rays of the rising sun, as if they too were on fire, but that other beacon upon the rocks at the Cape has given up its effort.

It is indeed true that no atmosphere is so conducive as this for those marvellous gradations of colour which are dependant



S.S. "Bruce" arrived at Port aux Basques

upon the peculiarly rare air of these latitudes. Mariners have told us before of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and its brilliant sky effects, but the half could not be told. Would not a Ruskin exult in this!

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The fleet, staunch ship bears us rapidly in by the coast ; and now we are passing that beacon which marks the way to the entrance of Port aux Basques. In this beacon we find an interesting object, not only pleasing to the eye, but because it represents a structure from which issues at regular intervals, in stormy weather, a danger signal to anxious mariners by the coast ; an automatic gun, which ever does its duty, whether the keeper be awake or sleeping. We are informed that this one, and the one on Cape Spear, near the entrance to St. John's harbour, are the only structures of the kind on this side of the Atlantic.

We glide smoothly and rapidly to our moorings, and thus ends a very pleasant and comfortable trip across the Cabot Straits.

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY

BY CAPE RAY AND BY TREATY COAST TO BAY OF ISLANDS

Having passed through the formality of a customs entry, we find ourselves located on the "Cross Country Train." The only incident to disturb our serenity of mind during this usually trying ordeal is an attempt on the part of the "Bruce" luggage department to hoist our heavy trunk about thirty feet out of the hold of the ship to the wharf by the trunk strap, although we had simply placed it around the trunk as a safety, should the lock give way. They, it seemed, chose to consider it put there for their convenience. Fortunately, however, the strap broke before the trunk left its resting place. Nevertheless this is but a trifle, so must not disturb us thus early in our Cross Country experiences. We expect to enjoy them very much.¹

Our train (the "Bruce Train," or "Cross Country Train") is one that performs a large number of important functions, and in its own way is equipped for the various needs of a long journey, where little for comfort or convenience is supposed to be found at the stoppings. Its arrangements are peculiar. We

NOTE 1.—FROM NOTES BY CROSS COUNTRY TRIP, DECEMBER 22, 1899.

¹ They are lifting our big telescope bag by its strap, and away the strap goes, just as the one about our trunk did on that September morning. Another and greater subject of interest is the effort of the customs officer of the port, as he proceeds with placing a quantity of our cargo, destined for St. John's, into bond. There are about fifty cases of turkey and other meats to go with us for the Christmas market of that city. To put these properly in bond, so that that barbarism, customs duties, shall be perpetuated, fifty gummed tickets, of about ten square inches, have each to be placed upon these fifty cases. The officer manfully performs his duty, and thus five hundred inches of gummed surface is made ready for the boxes by one willing and lively tongue on this frosty morning.

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note this fact in a general way during the few moments of our change from the boat to the train, and when starting off. For our attention is soon directed to the glimpses which we catch, as we move out upon our journey, of the great works of nature displayed here upon every side.

It is a unique country, — not to be forgotten, — although we have, to our regret, but a few instants to look at any particular picture. The rock and water scenes vary so constantly upon this irregular coast, and the road-way winds about in such a circuitous manner, that we find ourselves entertained by a veritable, ever-changing panorama.

A few miles to our left stretches out that extreme end of Cape Ray, where its light stands — that light so often eagerly



Scene by Ray Mountains

looked for by the mariner who comes this way in his coursing up and down the gulf. Near us to the right is the lofty range

BY CAPE RAY AND BY TREATY COAST

of Ray Mountains, which extend far away into the interior of the island. Their towering rock peaks are landmarks, and give a general idea of the course we are running; though we see them in so many different aspects, and with such differing com-



Sleeper in a Drift

binations between — one moment on the sands at the sea-side, then climbing the rock hill, and then a stretch of heath rolls between us. Now on our left are the broad waters of the gulf rolling their tidal way far beyond our vision.²

NOTE 2.—FROM NOTES ON CROSS COUNTRY TRIP, MAY 9, 1899.

² Both on the 7th of last September, and on the 17th of January, we passed this way. Those were totally different seasons of the year, and now on our May trip something new will undoubtedly be afforded. About two miles out from Port aux Basques we passed that winter night in our sleeper, fast in a snow-drift — four months ago. We came to a stop about eight o'clock in the evening, and at nine o'clock in the morning we were still in the drift. The engine had gone on to Port aux Basques for help, and water, and coal. Close by us were the Ray Mountains; and quite near, the coast, where, before this snow blockade, the drifting sands had been blown upon the rail track, and had delayed the trains. Now squalls of snow were sweeping down from the mountains; but, although it was a dark day, the kodak did its best, and thus a picture of a portion of the pinioned wreck is preserved.

Not far from here was the scene of the recent disaster, when a train was blown twenty feet from the track by one of the fiercest blasts known, which came down the Ray Mountain gorges.

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These glimpses remind us that we are still by the coast. It is but a few instants only that we can have such assurances at any time, for the rocky points and massive barren islands are constantly cutting off the more extended vision.



The Sugar-Loaf, Ray Mountains

What rocks! What sharp, unrelenting points pierce the sea! And then what perfect havens behind! It is indeed a wonderful piece of God's creation.

An hour has sped rapidly since our departure from Port aux Basques, and so far we have only seen rock and water scenery. But we are now making a plunge inland, to a wooded country. The birch, the spruce, and the larch are becoming stronger and more lofty, indicating that the soil must be deep and good, and not too rocky. And there are splendid — almost tropical —

BY CAPE RAY AND BY TREATY COAST

feathery ferns behind the deep evergreens. And what beautiful wild flowers in the open spaces! And what rich colouring! The wild weeds are almost gross in their immense, broad, dark leaves. Here Nature seems to be making a special effort to display the rich and the strong in vegetation. In the midst of these bounties and this luxuriant growth, this beautiful day, it is hard for one to believe the assertions made, that this is a country where, for a considerable portion of each year, existence for man is intolerable.

As we want to fix these particular spots upon our memory, and have something which will recall all this beauty to us again (so far we have found no railway literature to supply any clue to our whereabouts), we venture to ask the conductor, who is polite, and apparently very obliging, if he has anything in this line. With a beaming countenance of friendliness the good fellow produces a very long sheet of legal cap, with a type-written time-table, giving the names of all the various stations upon the 548 miles of road over which we are to travel to reach St. John's. It is perused with much interest, for the names of the stations are quite new and strange, suggesting many conjectures as to their origin, and what circumstances made them a mark in the history of the country. And we devoutly hope that this history may be perpetuated through these very names.³

NOTE 3. - NOTE FROM DIARY ON CROSS COUNTRY TRIP, MAY, 1899.

³ This is a fine, elaborate time-table, which describes the chances of travel by the Newfoundland Railway. We are not pleased, however, with the liberty that someone has taken in altering so many of the names of the stations. It makes us wonder why people persist in changing the historic names of places, which commemorate events in the history of the country, to others of little or no importance, with apparently the one object of pleasing a fancy. Government might take a hand to advantage as regards this.

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY

It is all copied in our diary, the while our conductor never makes the first intimation of a protest. No doubt he has already done much to entertain the weary traveller. We wish that we might make the whole trip with him. While we ruminate thus, we come to our first station,—there are forty-two of them by the route,—a twenty-nine hours' ride.



View of Codroy Station

The first station is Codroy, twenty-nine miles out on our journey. It is properly named in one respect. This, we are told, is one of the spots where those who are looking for the future of the Colony expect the farmer to thrive. It is the most fertile vale on the whole Island.

The station of Codroy is a combination of station, residence, church, and school, and how much more we do not venture to

BY CAPE RAY AND BY TREATY COAST

assert. Upon the top is mounted a cross — so much the better for the station it is presumed. Horses and waggons are evidently owned here ; for a little distance away, fastened to a tree, is a veritable horse with his waggon ; the first out-fit of this kind which has been seen since landing.

Quite a number take the train at Codroy, about fifty labourers, and of particular note, a Roman Catholic priest, and a doctor. And now we begin again to become interested, and to enquire of those whom we have for travelling companions. This becomes an important matter where the passengers are quite limited in number, and may be one's familiar neighbour for several days. The conductor very complaisantly informs us that one of the owners and managers of the road is with us in another compartment ; and also a distinguished gentleman and his wife — the gentleman a successful merchant, or merchant's confidential agent. There is also among us a gentleman bound for a point up the coast, who is in charge of a gang of men with appliances for conducting an oil enterprise. We are told that the railway magnate of the Island is a partner in this worthy adventure. The oil operator is communicative, and tells much about his experiences in former undertakings of this kind. He will soon leave us and take sail for further up the coast. We question how long it will be before his enterprise has passed the pioneer stage to become a subject for the clutches of a greedy Rockefeller or his agent, out of which a fat margin may be made to bribe legislators, and hypnotise Divines.

We find the doctor an agreeable companion, and we are soon engaged in conversation with him. He came down the coast from Bay of Islands to Codroy in order to extend his professional

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services to a young man who had just been seriously injured by a railway accident. It seems a long distance, but doctors are as rare, or nearly so, as horses in this country.

The leading members of the communities, at the out-harbours, have to guarantee a considerable amount to the physician before he will venture to settle among them. A good portion of their services will, however, go for little or no return. Our case, the doctor finds, is one of eagerness for information about this interesting spot, and he seems to understand it quite scientifically, and administers a wholesome and liberal potion — but not a counter-irritant.

We must not lose touch with him ; for we have learned that it is good, when away from home, to be on the right side of the parson, the magistrate, and the doctor. And we find they are all very important individuals in this corner of creation — this venerable Colony.⁴

A Church of England clergyman joined us at Port aux Basques. From him we gain valuable information about this

NOTE 4. — NOTE FROM CROSS COUNTRY DIARY, MAY, 1899.

⁴First of importance among our travelling companions on one of these trips, which have gradually assumed the nature of holiday excursions, is the inspector and superintendant of the Church of England schools of the Colony. He appears a very intelligent gentleman, an agreeable companion, and an authority on Colonial affairs, of which information is given in the most opportune time. Another gentleman is from the eastern part of Nova Scotia, and bound for Bell Isle on business in connection with the iron mines of that mineral Isle. And another is, with his family, from Michigan, and the Lake Superior mineral region prospecting on the Whitney areas in this country lying near the Harbor Grace district. Another is from British Columbia, where he has been prospecting the Seal Fishery of the Pacific. Besides these, there are two Newfoundlanders just returning from a journey to Europe. Then in another car is a Newfoundlander who served in the American army at Cuba in the late war. We saw him only a few days ago marching with his regiment — the eighth — on its arrival home. So our conversation is of necessity quite varied, as the hours of the trip are passed. This is another illustration of how to this island of the fishery banks — in the midst of the icebergs of the north — men of such wide experiences and varied pursuits journey.

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coast. We learn through his conversation that even here, so far from the busy world, zealous, earnest followers of Christ have thought there were human beings worth labouring among, and human souls to save.

Although between the settlements in the summer the only mode of travel is by water, in the winter it has, in most cases, been by land (in some the only way), the rivers, the harbours, and the bays being all frozen over. Then the clergyman's power of endurance, his courage, his faith, his love for his Master's work, and his brother's eternal good are sorely tried.

We are told of how, many years ago in this neighbourhood, a clergyman of the English Church by the name of Boland while making his way from settlement to settlement, in one of the cruel storms which sweep this coast, perished from exhaustion and cold.

Think of a parish work extending over a wild country, fifty, or a hundred miles, and only here and there a bit of road over which a carriage or sleigh can be conveyed. Think of a tramp

"The Rev. Thomas Boland, Church of England Clergyman at St. George's Bay, N. F., in the month of March, 1856, went to visit a parishioner a short distance from Sandy Point, the place of his residence. In returning he lost his way in a drift, after making almost a circuit of his own house; and, yielding to cold and fatigue, sank into that fatal sleep in which the vital powers are soon extinct. No danger was apprehended by his wife and daughters, but next morning his body was found on the ice, cold and stiff, by a person accidentally crossing in a sleigh.

He was a man of learning, ability, and zeal; and his ministry was much blessed in the remote settlements, first of Channel, and afterwards of Bay St. George.

Another devoted missionary of the Church of England in Newfoundland, Rev. Wm. Le Gallais, was drowned on the Eve of SS. Simon and Jude, 1869, after twelve years arduous service in the mission of Channel, with two others who were conveying him home after a visit to a sick parishioner; a home he was most anxious to reach for the sake of a dear child, whom a few hours before he had left dangerously ill. 'Sunk tho' he be beneath the watery floor, he is not dead.' He lives still in the memory of some for whom he lived, and for whom he died."

-Rev. CANON PILOT.

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of eight or ten miles over a barren waste, in a blinding snow-storm, and the night coming on.

Many thrilling tales are told of how the early missionaries of the Cross have laboured, have endured, and have finally given their lives in sacrifice for their work of love.⁶

At forty-seven miles from Port aux Basques the clergyman of the Church of England parts from us. He has six miles to walk in order to reach the next scene of his priestly labours.

It is now ten o'clock, and we are stopping to take water for the engine in the depths of a fine hardwood forest. This would be a choice spot for the settler to make his start; building his cabin exactly where the train must stop for water. Here are stumps of trees lately felled which measure three feet in diameter. We leave our car while the train stands, to pluck a leaf from a huge weed. The trefoil leaf spreads out eighteen inches by eighteen inches.

A start is made. It is greatly up grade. We have learned that our train travels up and down hill a great deal; all around the hills, too, so that it appears sometimes as though our engine must be turned about and returning. We have not gone very far before the train is brought to a standstill, but not by the will of the train officials. We cannot proceed, so back the whole

NOTE 6.—NOTES ON TRIPS FROM ST. JOHN'S TO PORT AUX BASQUES,
FEBRUARY, 1900.

⁶ At Bay of Islands two clergymen of one of the principal denominations of the Colony took our train. They are now in animated discussion on points of doctrine. One appears to be expressing heterodox views. They do not mind being heard, so we get the full advantage of their opinions. We like the candour of the heretic. This is only one striking illustration of how the profound and serious student, as he comes more and more into conformity with the great Master, conforms less, in his heart, to any fixed lines as regards the possibilities that all *this* gives to the creature. To measure the heights and the depths, the glories and the grandeurs, is given to no one.

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goes for a good start from the hill we left behind. Off again, and up to the opposite hill-top at full speed, and soon we are whirling through most delightful scenery. At the right, now and again, are distant, but fine views of the lofty Ray Mountains, mostly immense bare rocks, naked as when first thrown into these great winnows; sometimes with deep gulches or ravines indenting their massive sides, where a stunted soft wood, and bush life are seen. Now and then a lake is passed, resting by the base of these towering rocks. All the lakes are called ponds here.

One wishes that these fertile forest spots might always be such a delightful variety to this new, old country; but in time the fire will sweep past, and destroy them, or the short sighted settler will not rest content to clear only that which he wants for cultivation, but he will cut away so much that the strong winds (that will then have their way) will do the rest, and his crops will be blown down, and the days will be rougher, and the spring and summer will be shorter; and he may rue the day he sought a home here.

Thus it has been elsewhere, and so it may be in this place. This is the time to provide against unnecessary destruction of this kind.

Near Robinson's Head is a fine view of the entrance to Bay St. George. And resting half way up a mountainside, across an arm of water, we catch a glimpse of a prettily situated village clustered about one large church, which it is presumed is Roman Catholic. Most of the communities about the coasts seem to be of one religious faith. The strongest must survive, and the weakest die out, or migrate. All deviations from the principal

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religion must be of a private character. The very next community may be of a totally different cast of religious thought and practice.

As the run is made beside Robinson's Brook or River — and then upon a high elevation farther on, there is a fine view of the vale of the Robinson District, of the sweep of land lying beyond, and of the range of rocky hillocks far out by the sea. By our track the soil appears deep and fertile, and not too stony for strength, the huge boulders scattered through this section of the country being the only apparently useless element.

The rivers and brooks are very numerous along this part of the coast, and in this immediate vicinity is excellent trout fishing. Perhaps no better is to be found anywhere.

At this season these water-courses are not carrying a heavy flow of water, but their broad bottoms, the heaps of stones piled up here and there, and the jagged banks, all indicate that at times great forces of water flow down from the lofty mountains. The huge masses of snow which rest upon these mountain ranges in winter must thaw with great rapidity when exposed to the rays of the warm spring sun. Even here the sun shines very intensely, so we are told, so intensely that the rocks become hot with its heat. Crabb's Brook, which we are passing, must sometimes be a great rapid river. And now we are climbing a heavy grade beside a deep ravine, each new view of the beautiful panorama becoming more interesting and delightful.

Near Robinson's Head lies, so far as they can ascertain by prospecting, one of the principal coal deposits of the Colony. Mr. J. P. Howley, F. C. S., director of the Geological Survey of Newfoundland, made the official report of the nine, or ten, coal

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Four-pound Trout

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seams in these regions, varying from one foot two inches to five feet four inches, and of fairly good quality. Of this he said:—

"Altogether, the coal seams contained in St. George's Bay trough, that have as yet been discovered, aggregate about twenty-seven feet in thickness. * * * To illustrate the importance of what such information would mean, it may be stated that an aggregate of twenty-seven feet of coal, provided the seams maintained their ascertained thickness throughout, should, for every square mile of superficial area they may be found to underlie, contain 25,920,000 tons of coal."

At Red Rocks, near Cape Ray, is a bed of copper, and very large and valuable gypsum deposits are found about the Codroy district, and St. George's Bay.⁷

In connection with our geological enquiries we ask the oil operator if there is not coal in the vicinity of his oil discovery. He replies: "No, not necessarily. In Russia there are no indications of coal where the best oil wells are located."

We are now told that all must now take a look at the "Horseshoe," for we are at Fischel's. The "Horseshoe" is the name for a very decided turn in the road, and we twist and turn in a horseshoe shape by a bridge suspended above the tree tops around and over a deep gulch, at the bottom of which is Fischel's Brook. As we sweep down by the side of one nearly perpendicular mountain, we look across the deep, beautifully timbered gully, and see the picturesque bridge over which we are to pass,

⁷The Rev. Moses Harvey, LL. D., in the Montreal Gazette, December 16th, 1899, writes: "I may state that a gypsum quarry at Roman's Brook, St. George's Bay, was lately leased at a rental which, if capitalised, would amount to \$30,000. It is stated that \$20,000 will be expended next year in erecting machinery, and providing facilities for working this quarry, and shipping the gypsum in large quantities. Many more leases are either taken or applied for in the same bay."

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Fischel's Brook

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and swung around, parallel to us, is the road by which we are to climb the side of another mountain. As we rise up again, we look back at the bridge we have crossed, and gaze upon the white gypsum face of the mountain upon the opposite side of the veritable abyss—as grand a bit of scenery as we have ever looked upon.

Like most mineral regions, this is really very rich in scenery. And as it is a beautiful day, we are in the humour to enjoy our sight-seeing and our newly acquired knowledge. It would indeed be called a delightful day in either old England, or New England, and here we are away in Newfoundland in the month of September.

As we gaze upon the myriads of flowers blooming in these wildernesses through which we are passing, we marvel why in these places never reached by man their exquisite loveliness is with such prodigality dispensed. Who or what appreciates them? Even there have they not a value—a value beyond our powers of appreciation? These are of the mysteries which we one day wish to solve; we apparently cannot here. A friend learns of our perplexity of mind on this point and informs us about the physiology of the flowers, and how they are related to other creatures, of the interdependence of insects and flowers. It is really very lovely to learn of all this; it is delightful to know that far away upon the wild moor, and deep in the forest glades there may be myriads of joyous, happy lives around the beautiful flowers—happy in all the good offices of giving and receiving. This is all true, but is there not a deeper question which this does not reach? We only know, thus far, that the insects—the animal—delight in the rich flowers which respond

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to the animal appetite. But what butterfly loves these beauties of daisies and forget-me-nots because they supply "honey for the inner mind and soul" ?

To man they are a great, never-ending delight, and the most beautiful bearers of his deepest, tenderest, holiest messages,



Winter Scene

from his youth until the end of life, when, ever faithful, they follow him in sweet symbolism of immortality to the grave.

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Too deep for tears, too deep for words is the thought which holds converse with the speechless flowers; and yet do even we

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appreciate them to the full? And still we may ask if, away in the wilds, do not these flowers hold communion with the gods?*

Nearing Bay St. George the land about the road is not so good as that which we have been passing, and the rock hills are not far away, lying like piles of huge boulders one upon the other.

Sandy Point village is seen in the distance. It is situated upon a long, sandy peninsula — quite an island, in fact, as it appears today. It was expected that our train would transact a large business here. On enquiry it is found that the people of this section use little merchandise; it is said that what one dollar per week will purchase is quite enough of the outsider's goods for the requirements of the average citizen. The miserable looking creatures trying to handle the freight just landed demonstrates the fact that the inhabitants of this vicinity lack the necessities let alone the luxuries of life.

There is no station at Sandy Point, not even a platform, and everything is most primitive. The oil venturer's goods are pitched off into a deep ditch; some of the heavy pipes are almost lost to view in the soft soil, and one looks as though broken in two. It will be no small matter to convey these heavy

NOTE 8.—NOTES BY CROSS COUNTRY TRIP, MAY, 1899.

*The day is waning now and we are again within the forests where we passed such deep snow on our last journey. A goodly portion still lies here today, but the beautiful decorations upon the trees are gone.

We caught some fine pictures as we passed at that time. The snow was four feet deep then, and winter had only begun, and the white beauty of the snow upon the trees must have remained until spring. A train man, who joined us at Bay of Islands that winter's day, told us that for fourteen days it had not ceased to snow in this section of the country — that this was the first clear day. Before night, however, it did snow as we passed down by the Ray Mountains, and also the next day, while we lay fast in our drift, and as we passed out to sea fierce squalls were sweeping down by the mountain sides.

BY CAPE RAY AND BY TREATY COAST

iron pipes over miles of country where horses cannot travel. Fortunately for the undertaking the manager is a man of perseverance and endurance. He goes forty miles up the coast. And there is also another oil company operating still farther north on this same coast.

Sandy Point village contains a population almost entirely engaged in the catching and curing of fish, but yet we see, even here, some fine patches of potatoes and other vegetables. Potatoes do well all along this coast where there is any soil, and they are as good as any found elsewhere.

The population of Sandy Point is mostly French, and is greatly controlled by French interests.

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY



Canoeing on Lake George near Paradise

BY CAPE RAY AND BY TREATY COAST

TREATY AND TREATY COAST

This section of the country all the way from Port aux Basques is within Treaty Coast, but not by the Treaty of Utrecht. By the terms of that Treaty the privileges given to the French had reference to the part of the coast starting from Point Riche, nearly up to the Strait of Belle Isle, and following the coast to the northern extremity, and then south-eastward by the course of the bays to Cape Bonavista. These rights were of a very restricted character, and yet the concessions given have been a source of terrible trouble to the British residents ever since. To this point Article XIII. of that Treaty reads as follows: "Nor shall the most Christian king (the King of France) his heirs and successors, or any of his subjects, at any time hereafter, lay claim to any right to the said island or islands, or any part of them. Moreover, it shall not be lawful for the subjects of France to fortify any place in the said Island of Newfoundland, or to erect any buildings there, besides stages made of boards, and huts necessary and useful for drying of fish, or to resort to the said island beyond the time necessary for fishing, and drying of fish. But it shall be allowed to the subjects of France to catch fish and to dry them on land in that part only, and in no other besides that said Island of Newfoundland."

The Treaty of Versailles and the fraudulent declaration of George III. at that time continues to be the ground upon which the French have rested their case—a Treaty which was a secret document, while a sham one was presented to the English House of Commons. It was also at this time, 1783,

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY

that the famous declaration was made by King George to this effect: "His Britannic Majesty will take all the most positive measures for preventing his subjects from interfering in any manner by their competition with the fishery of the French during the temporary exercise of it, which is granted them upon the coasts of Newfoundland, and he will for this purpose cause the fixed settlements, which shall be formed there to be removed. His Britannic Majesty will give orders that the French fishermen be not incommoded in cutting the wood necessary for the repairs of their scaffolds, huts, and fishing vessels."

By the terms of the Treaty of Versailles, the French renounced their rights upon the north-east coast extending from Cape Bonavista to Cape St. John. On the other hand the fishery rights from Cape Point Riche to Cape Ray were given over to France in addition to that already in their possession, making in all eight hundred miles (of what is in many respects the best part of the colony) the virtual possession of a foreign country. Englishmen, in a way, have always claimed these bays and these harbours as the property of British subjects, but the present Prime Minister of England has been the first to assume the responsibility of declaring that French officers must not take forcible possession of English property upon these waters, nor to destroy the nets and boats of the Newfoundland fishermen pursuing their lawful industry in their own harbours.⁹

As recently as the year 1893, in St. George's Bay, the commander of H. M. S. Pelican gave notice to English settlers about the Bay that they were prohibited from selling herrings to any

⁹ Judge Prowse.

BY CAPE RAY AND BY TREATY COAST

other than French vessels, placing the supply at the option of the French purchaser.

We feel impressed that we have come upon a country abounding in tales of suffering and wrongs, of oppressions from friends as well as the declared foes; for what more burdensome and cruel than the laws and administration in the days of the Devonshire Fishing Admirals?

The Treaty of Utrecht, the Treaty of Paris, and the Treaty of Versailles were but compromises, make-shifts, leaving in Newfoundland, in St. Pierre, and in Canada a dual occupancy



Scene by Harvey's River

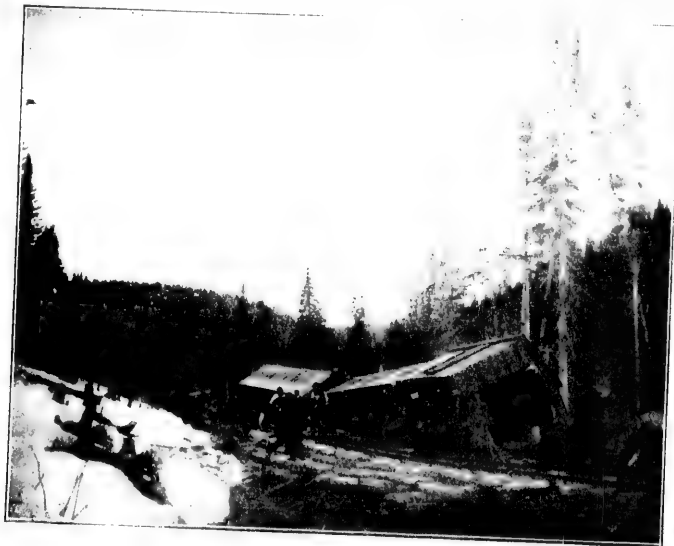
upon terms to be varied, intensified, or ignored as the varying circumstances might determine; leaving a smouldering fire to burst into flame if the occasion should come.

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY

The story of the immortal Chatham's denunciations of all these unbusinesslike settlements — these compromises with wrongs to colonial subjects — is an interesting chapter in history. But politicians of the stamp of Bute were enriched by these oppressions, and selfish interests prevailed.¹⁰

NOTE 10.—FROM NOTES BY CROSS COUNTRY TRIP, MAY, 1899.

¹⁰ It is eight o'clock in the evening, and scarcely dark, although it is cloudy. We are in the depths of the best forest of the West Coast, and are moving slowly up a considerable grade. On the heavy sleeper on which we are now travelling we experience a jerking sensation for an instant or two, and then our car stops completely. We know something quite unusual has happened, but no particular alarm



View of the Wreck of the Train Approaching Bay of Islands

is given, and everything being so quiet we look forward with little foreboding of a serious disaster. But what is our amazement, on looking out, to see the greater part of the train ahead of us lying on its side, and partly off from the track; the

BY CAPE RAY AND BY TREATY COAST

track torn up, and a number of the train hands and passengers by the "Colonist" car bundling out of the several compartments in their only remaining ways.

A little search, and it is found that no one is seriously injured. The engine did not leave the rail. The baggage-master, and the mail-clerk of the disabled cars were not at their posts, and consequently escaped, luckily for them. Only three were in the Colonist car, the rest having gone to the dining-car for supper.

A gang is very soon at work building a track around our wreck so that our cars can be passed on. The passengers gather here and there to discuss their various experiences, but soon we are comfortably settled for the night, which passes quickly enough.

The morning is again with us, and we hurry out to see for ourselves the progress toward a start. In the distance we hear the sound of the axes and hammers of the track layers, and now and again the whistle of an engine is heard. The



Scene of Baggage-car after Wreck

horses that were in the overturned car have been conveyed to another car. The track around the wreck is nearly laid, and in a few hours we will be off again. It is a bright day, and some very good snap-shots are taken, embracing all the notable characters of our company. Last, but not least by any means, we get a picture of our trunk (the same one that fell back in the steamer) just as it is being handed out of the wreck. We felt very much for it when we saw it through a hole in the baggage-car, with a seven or eight hundred weight piece of iron machinery lying on it. At eleven o'clock we are on our way again.

The passage from the scene of the wreck to the Bay of Islands is marked by as many attractions as it was when first we travelled this way, although now there are no leaves on the trees, and the flowers are not blooming. Today we get

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY

"Bay of Islands next," so the brakeman cries. As the physician has arranged for us to be let off at the first siding upon the Bay, we gather up our parcels and stand waiting our chance to alight, for we are running at break-neck speed down an awful hill — but what scenery !



The Dog Following the Train

Approaching our landing place at Bay of Islands the scenery becomes grand. Blomidon rising over two thousand feet, stands conspicuous above everything ; but as one sweeps around Mount Moriah, and catches a view of the Bay lying almost beneath

more extended views of the beautifully varied landscapes and swollen streams, as they are to be seen through the leafless forest. On our winter trip we saw these forests in a beauty all their own. The clean, white snow was resting upon every bough, and every stump, and every windfall had its fleecy covering.

Turning around from our deep wooded way at our near approach to the Bay of Islands, we catch fine pictures of the waters of the Bay far in the distance ; and way against the sky looms up white-capped "Blow-Me-Down."

At a turn the camera is levelled at the "Royal Mail," with our luggage upon two flat cars at the rear. We feel quite as if they possessed sensibilities, faithful followers of ours as they are. We wonder how they like travelling in this "come by chance" way. But they are silent.

BY CAPE RAY AND BY TREATY COAST

them, a distance of five or six hundred feet, the high mountains by the opposite shore but two or three miles away, the pretty villages, and churches, and the shipping at the base of the almost perpendicular formations close by the water, one has indeed a delightful picture.¹¹

¹¹ The passage down Mount Moriah is as pretty as ever. A stop is made for a moment just where we first landed that delightful day last September.

Again we are off, and this time a passenger is left behind. What a lovely place to be lost in! We almost envy him. To his utter amazement, the train has started without the customary half-hour to hour's notice. He is completely bewildered, but finally runs and grasps the forward part of the cattle car at our rear. It being a down grade, the speed is high and, although he protests against it, he is forced to let go and is left behind.



Passengers Skating

Either the man's faith in his own ability to match the "Cross Country" train is great, or he hopes more from the accommodating character of this train than its name implies—express, for he is seen for more than a mile giving us chase.

A dog drawing a boy upon a "slide," followed us for a long time last winter out from Sandy Point station. Evidently these people know something of how they, with their powers of locomotion, compare with us.

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY

All brakes are pressing to their utmost; are we to go plunging into the sea off a huge rock? We have whirled past our intended "stop off." But at last we do slacken speed and in quick time are by the roadside, with our half-dozen pieces of luggage scattered up and down the track for about fifty yards. There is no station, no station master, and the train has gone on; we would have been in a sorry plight had not the doctor helped us in our perplexity.

And with this sudden and precipitous landing we end our first chapter on railroading in Newfoundland. It was three days before we were able to get our luggage together for another ride.

It was here at Carter's we stopped four hours when on our cross-country trip last winter to change cars, to take water, and to take coal. The very necessary preparations for another run were then all attended to in the most deliberate and methodical manner, and one thing at a time, just as we were told to do things by those of experience when we were children.

On that winter's day we had plenty of time for snap-shots of this delightful scenery. The skating upon the Bay was then very good; our parLOUR-car occupants availed themselves of this excellent opportunity for having a turn. We pictured them in the very act. How will it be this time?

Our unfortunate traveller has caught up to us — it was only four and a half miles. He expresses great indignation at the conductor and threatens to expose the whole circumstance to "Mr. Reid."

BY CAPE RAY AND BY TREATY COAST



A Camp in the Bush

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY



View of Mt. Moriah, Bay of Islands

TWO CHARMING DAYS AT A NEWFOUNDLAND "OUTPORT," THE BAY OF ISLANDS

We very soon learn that in this Colony, every town, village, or considerable settlement, other than St. John's and Whitbourn, is designated an "outport." Whitbourne, a village of about one thousand souls, is the only inland town or village in the whole Colony — situated at one of the railway junctions. With these two exceptions every settlement is a seaport, because the sea has proved the only means of communication between the different settlements. Their interests have been, practically, all

TWO CHARMING DAYS AT AN OUTPORT

seawards; from the sea has come the prime factor in the production of all forms of utilities, either for exchange, for absolute and necessary consumption, or the material of reproduction. That these are well named "outports" subsidiary to something of more importance in some way, is one of the peculiar conditions which we feel sensibly after being a few hours upon this coast. We are impressed by its influence, as being, not only economic, but also political and social. In our few hours' ride by rail, we felt that we were in an atmosphere abounding with functionaries—that the ordinary mortal might be under a sort of compliment to someone for the privilege of existing and acting, to say nothing of entertaining a conviction.¹

That the Bay of Islands is at least a sub-political outport, we have a conspicuous, ocular demonstration as soon as we alight from our railway carriage, for as we are landed in our somewhat detached and beshredded manner, we find ourselves in the midst of what seems to be a large and distinguished company of people, if we may judge by their appearance and actions, with a few others about them in obsequious attitudes. We are attracted by the flutter of bunting, and looking toward the water side, we see a good sized, and well equipped craft with its rigging loaded with flags and streamers. It is a pretty sight, but what does it all mean? Has some rich and public personage

¹ A long visit to the Colony, and much contact with the people, convinces the writer that, although the humbler classes may at times exhibit a great show of servility, yet the deportment of the classes toward each other is quite as good and the manner of the people quite as refined, as exists with the average in the Provinces, or in the United States. Everywhere with us, Jack makes it distinctly understood that he considers himself a little better than his master.

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY

brought a party here for a novel marriage, and a gala day? There certainly is a very pretty church over yonder, so picturesquely placed by the mountain side; and surely the priest, as well as other notables of the country, must be represented in this party we have so unexpectedly come among. We have but a moment for all these queries to revolve in our minds, our attention being distracted between this unusual conclave, and the disposal of our luggage, when, lo! as suddenly as we found ourselves among them, as suddenly the party has disappeared. But we will know more about it. We ask a gentleman near us what vessel it is with all the flags.

"Oh, that is the Fiona."

"Well, what is the Fiona?"

"She is a Circuit Boat."

"And what is a Circuit Boat?"

"Why, don't you know what a Circuit Boat is?"

We have to confess our ignorance on the subject.

"Why, that is the Government Circuit Boat, and she is now carrying the law court from port to port around the island. When court is over, here, she goes to Bonnie Bay farther up the coast. She will take the judge, who comes here today by train from St. John's. The judge who has been presiding here went away just now by train to St. John's."

"Was that the cause of all the commotion and large gathering at the train's stopping here?" we ask.

"Oh, yes," is the reply; "these judges come out here from St. John's."

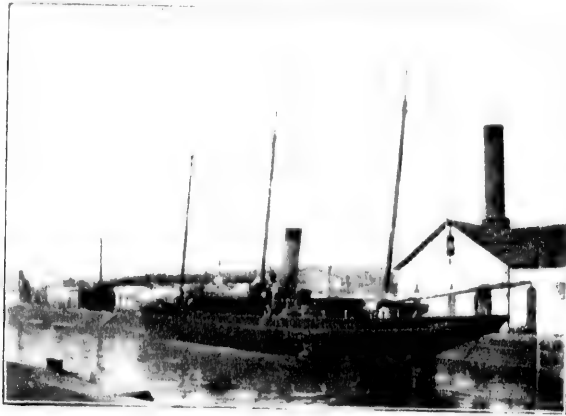
"And are there any lawyers here?" we continue.

"No, not any; they mostly come out from St. John's and

TWO CHARMING DAYS AT AN OUTPORT

travel around in the Circuit Boat, although we have a magistrate who moved out from St. John's a little way back."

One piece of our luggage goes to a house near by, another to a store, and the rest we manage. Everyone seems anxious to do all in their power for us. Not a horse, nor a mule, nor an ox not even a dog—is to be seen. There is but one dog in the whole district.



The "Fiona" in Dry Dock

We walk to our destination by the railway, the highway being of little importance, and are introduced to the magistrate, who is affable and very agreeable, and whose large, comfortable, and well-appointed dwelling we have just passed. This gentleman extends many kind wishes for our pleasant stay at Bay of Islands. He wants to know if we propose to spend a day or two in the woods on the hunt. But we have no such intention.

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY

One hundred dollars is the foreigner's license fee for the privilege to hunt for deer and caribou, and the magistrate gets a considerable portion of it for himself. We do not entertain a thought that this administrator of law has any self interest in learning to what extent we are on a pleasure trip. But what if he has? He is agreeable, and we like him, nevertheless. Someone suggests ulterior motives. We positively will not; the gratitude of heart for his hospitable smile forbids it.

A schooner of about one hundred tons is lying at anchor, though with all her sails pulled up aloft, and fluttering. A messenger comes to inform the doctor that she is only waiting for him, as he is wanted down the Bay, and that the craft will take him. The doctor tells us that this is his only mode of conveyance, that he keeps no horse, and that in all there are but two or three miles at the Bay over which a carriage could be conveyed, and that at a speed not much faster than a walk. Indeed we are told that horses are very rare, and are kept only for hauling wood, and bringing the herring over the ice, from the holes made for the purpose of fishing, in the winter.

Apropos of this subject, a gentleman gives us an essay upon the horse, composed at one of the schools recently. We are confident that it must have produced a profound sensation upon the fellow schoolmates.

ESSAY ON THE HORSE

"the horse hails wood and in the winter hails herring. men got to put shows on the horse, fraid they would fall on slipry ice horse plows grown horse eights hay and oats you can ride on horses, horses sleep in stables by night horses can run faster than oxen horses got to hawl slays and carts horses have young wons there is differents of horses there is wild horses and there is tame horses. horse is a very useful anamile the horse is a very strong anamile there is wite horses and black horses and red horses and gray horses."

TWO CHARMING DAYS AT AN OUTPORT

After a walk of a mile and a half, we arrive at our hotel. We approach the hostelry by the back yard, and then around by a gate kept closed — almost too effectually against individuals with little muscle — by a weight consisting of quite a length of



Mt. Moriah from Petries

old cable chain, slung by one of smaller dimensions. We pass through, wondering what thrilling history that bit of cable could

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY

relate of its service to the ship long before it came here. It has been here for a longer time than anyone can tell.

Before entering this traveller's rest, we linger upon the spacious verandah to enjoy the beautiful prospect which surrounds it. Mt. Moriah to the left, behind which is the declining sun. Further away in the distance lofty "Blow-Me-Down" still basking in a brighter sunlight, and the Bay to sea-ward. Just opposite is the pretty village of Summerside, and then Crow's Head; while a little to our right are the deep wooded hillsides and vales at Hugh's Brook. Far up the mountain-side is the new Roman Catholic chapel — grand in proportions. All is delightful in the mellow light of the setting sun upon this ripe summer's day.

At first we are left in doubt as to whether we can secure entertainment here or not — no one seems quite sure of anything in this country. This is one of the striking characteristics of the people that will impress the observing traveller. And why should it not be a peculiar, a prevailing trait, with a people whose lives, whose whole history, has been one of uncertainty of events which involve so much of life and property, and whose political history has been so much beyond their own power and control.

But we are placed in comfortable quarters nevertheless — the best that can be given are offered with hospitality.

In the evening we visit the store of an old acquaintance, and here we witness a striking instance of the courtesy and kindly breeding of these people. A young lady enters, and as she is not served directly, she enters into a spirited conversation with us about the doings of the court now in session, and we regret when she is finally served and bids the merchant good-night. We

TWO CHARMING DAYS AT AN OUTPORT

wished she might have extended her pleasant adieu to us all. It would seem the most natural thing from such a frank, and generous spirit. But it proves we are not to be disappointed, for directly she does return, and asks our pardon for what she calls her rudeness in not extending her customary leave-taking to us. We think this an exhibition of manners most gratifying, hitherto not known by us elsewhere.

We are up early on the second day of our stay at Bay of Islands, and eager to gain a chance to use our kodak, for the clouds are at times shutting out the light which we require. A company of fishermen in the loft of a cooperage want us to photograph them. One of the company thinks that such a picture, with fishermen in their jackets, would not be the right thing — and they a lot of old rough fellows. Another says these are just the right kind, for they "show character in a picture."

The collector of customs for the port of Bay of Islands is a boarder at our hotel, and we find him quite an encyclopædia in his way. From him we gather quite a fund of interesting and useful information, having much to do with incidents and customs of the place.² We are sitting upon the verandah of our

² Great quantities of fish are taken at Bay of Islands, both in winter and in summer.

Estimate of exports from this Bay, including Lark Harbour, a small settlement near by, and exports coastwise for the year 1899:

Pickled Herring	23,500 barrels.
Bulk Salted	30,000 "
Frozen	12,000 "
Lobsters	2,000 cases.
Salmon	120 barrels.
Dry Codfish	4,500 quintals.

A cargo of frozen herrings taken the past winter from Bay of Islands, which was shipped to the Boston market, realized a net profit of \$9,000. Another marketed in Montreal made \$5,000 net profit to the speculator.

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY

temporary home with this official of onerous duties — for this is a chief port of entry upon the west coast -- chatting upon the many subjects which the scene before us affords for agreeable talk, and enjoying the deliciously soft breeze which is moving past us down the Bay. Lying between us upon the floor is an old Newfoundland dog, the last remnant of his race left in the district. His time is now mostly spent in sleeping away the few remaining years left him by sufferance. Various are the expressed opinions in the district as whether even this one Newfoundland dog should not be annihilated at once. He surely seems quite harmless! And who knows how deep the feeling of love which moves the one who begs for his life, that this faithful friend who has no revenge or condemnation in his heart may be by his side a little longer in the flesh. But this is a time when sentiment must give way to material advantage, progress, development. An act of the legislature of the Colony empowers any district to petition this body to prohibit the keeping of dogs within the specified district. When one-third or upwards of the electors have so petitioned, a proclamation is issued prohibiting the keeping of dogs in such area; collies alone are exempted, and there are none of these here. This is called the "Sheep Preservation Act." The electors of the Bay of Islands petitioned, and as a consequence the old Newfoundland dog is banished by the act of popular will. And if he does not get away forthwith, any constable has the power to kill him where he may be found in the district.

It is claimed that sheep raising can be quite profitably conducted here. And some vegetables are raised in considerable quantities. We are told that no potatoes have been imported at

TWO CHARMING DAYS AT AN OUTPORT

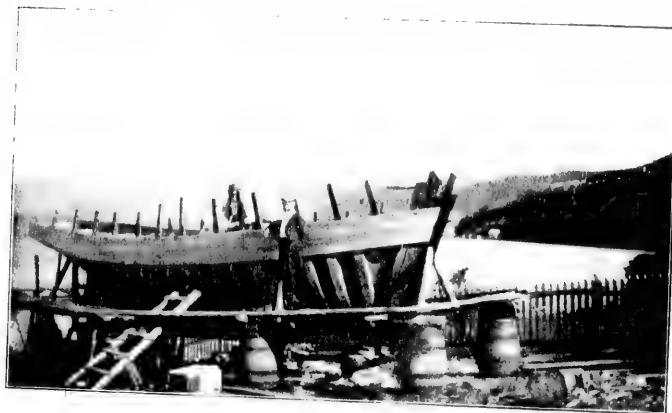
this port for many years. Those we have at our table are all delicious. Over the one hundred and fifty miles of the French coast which we have seen there should be no lack of this necessary of life. The day will no doubt come when there will be a surplus, and then they will be sent to other parts of the Island. Fine cabbages are also seen in little patches everywhere. They cannot be excelled, and the man who raises them for market gets a good price, as the protection is ample. Cabbage is a common article of food, and forms the principal of many tasty preparations for the table. It is cooked much more thoroughly than we have seen it prepared elsewhere. At times we have had a course of only cabbage with its dressing and condiments.

A merchant at the Bay has quite a fruit orchard, or rather garden plot of fruit trees; plums, pears, apples, and small fruits. The trees look healthy, but the yield is small, rare, and uncertain. The experiments prove that it will be only those who have an abundant income from other sources than the raising of fruit who can afford to secure these luxuries. They will be luxuries indeed if this be the only way of obtaining them.

We should also judge from the lobster served at the table of our friend, the packer, that the preparing and cooking of this fish was another accomplishment of these people. We believe the preparation of the lobster about these coasts is superior, as it is with the preparation of other fish elsewhere. This is another lesson in the correctness of the principles which gives to the consumer everywhere, not only the greatest abundance, but also the best in quality. The lobster packer is now building a steam launch to be used for communication with his factories, and doing the necessary freight business. We get a snap shot

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY

of him and his craft, as he stands upon the staging inspecting his work. This gentleman has a factory at the Bay for making tins, from which he sells many to the smaller concerns. With the tins the smaller catcher of lobsters can very successfully pack his own catch. This is working much against the larger operators, and is quite a general subject of complaint with them.



W. K. Augwin on the Staging of his Steam Yacht

On our morning of departure, our friend, the packer, very kindly ventures to give us a boat and an oarsman to take us up to the "Head," three miles away, to take the train; for there is danger that it may not stop near us this time. At the "Head" will be the bottom of the hill, strange to say.

Out on the Bay we get a splendid view of "Blow-Me-Down" far seaward. Our boatman tells us that he was hunting up there last winter, where it was cold enough "to freeze the horns

TWO CHARMING DAYS AT AN OUTPORT

off the Caribou." In the winter the hunter must go to the high, rocky mountains to secure this game, for it is there that they feed upon the moss, which they are able to find by pawing away a coating of snow.

On one side of this mountain is a rich copper mine which is operated, and a deep shaft already sunk.³

One mile up from our start, we land to visit the post-office. The post-office official wishes to show us the interior of the beautiful little Bay of Islands' church. We gladly accept his kind offer, and our boat moves up to another landing, while we stroll on to the church, our guide, the while, in enthusiastic terms eulogizing the memory of the benefactors who made it possible for them to have so useful and beautiful a place of worship. The Bay of Islands' Episcopal church, so universally admired, stands about two hundred feet from the water, and one-third of the distance to the mountain top. At all points it is partly hidden behind the clusters of deep evergreen trees that are dotted all over the mountain side, and fill the deep ravines. The white fence of the churchyard peeping through, never altogether seen, adds to the picturesque effect, as one approaches by the winding grassy ways. From the church the view is very beautiful, and very extensive; a fitting spot for prayer and praise!

We enter this sanctuary with extreme veneration, for here, we are told, devout and true men laboured and made undoubted sacrifice for Christ's sake. And we become more and more

³At Bay of Islands is an iron pyrites, from which sulphuric acid will be extracted for use in "Mr. Reid's" great pulp manufacturing enterprise soon to be started.

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY

impressed, as we view the reminders of their good works inscribed by those who followed after. It is a pretty church, with a well-appointed, roomy chancel. The windows throughout are of leaded glass. The chancel window is a fine memorial to Captain Howeth of the Royal Navy, once a large contributor, and a good friend to the parish. At the side of this is a smaller



Church of England, Bay of Islands

stained glass window, also in memory of Captain Howeth; given by the Church Institute. Another window is a fitting memorial to the father of our host. The organ is quite fine, and was the gift of the Rev. J. Curling, who did so much in every way for the church. This reverend gentleman was once an

TWO CHARMING DAYS AT AN OUTPORT

engineer in office in the Royal Navy, and resigned his commission when on the station at Bermuda to prepare himself for holy orders; he was ordained in 1893, and was sent a missionary to the Bay of Islands. Of abundant means, he possessed the valuable yacht, *Lavrock*, which he gave several years ago to the coastal missionary work. She is still employed in the same good service. We are told that tangible proofs of his generosity are seen all over the coasts of Newfoundland. But here was the greatest of his benefactions. We call this sublime! Most men, reared and schooled, and entered upon life's great, active battle among the throng, would not care to give where the applause of the world could not reach them, nor their work be discerned by man. But here, cut off from all but the very few who could appreciate his work, he built a home for his successor in office, and gave it to the parish; gave a missionary yacht that all the little coves about the coast might hear of Christ, and his healing message; gave this little church an organ; gave to these people, so far removed from access to such things, the possibilities of a rich and inspiring service without a thought of a return, satisfied with the assurance of God's approval, and the good it might do these "toilers of the sea," these humble fishermen.

We leave this—one of the unique shrines of the English Church in Newfoundland—thanking the fates which keep it so well preserved, while many are going to decay; wishing that time might be longer, and circumstances such that we might learn more of its history.

At Fisher's we are obliged to keep away from the shore a quarter of a mile because of a long wharf which juts out into

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY

the Bay; a solid structure, made entirely of slabs, and other refuse lumber.

The "Head," so called, is the head of the Bay of Islands, and the estuary of that river of grand scenery, the Humber. This is one of the Newfoundland Bays where the Head is at the head. Of the most of them they tell us that the bottom of the bay is at the head.

We have two hours' stay at Carter's before our train is due. "Carter's" is the name given to this place through one, Carter, having built a hotel here recently, where it is supposed the principal station at the Bay of Islands will be located. At this point the car track comes down nearly to the water. It is rumoured that a fine hotel — the "Reid's" — is to be built here to catch the summer tourist, who is sure to come this way to enjoy the wild and grand scenery, the sport by the stream and the hunt. All of which he finds here in abundance.



Scene at the Head of Bay of Islands

CROSSING THE ANCIENT COLONY BY RAIL



Boating on the Humber River

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY

CROSSING THE ANCIENT COLONY BY RAIL

BAY OF ISLANDS TO THE TOPSAILS

The scenery by the Humber River for several miles from its estuary is indeed grand. The train is skimming along by one of its perpendicular mountainous banks, which reach at times to nearly a thousand feet in height. As we look ahead by a turn, and catch a glimpse of the way we must travel, there seems no escape from an awful plunge down by the rock side into the river immediately below.

Peacefully, tranquilly, gently, seem to rest and move the waters of this beautiful river; sometimes bright in the clear light of the afternoon sun, again in shadow, while the landscape lies charmingly silhouetted upon the water. The opposite bank rears its rocky face, first into a regular perpendicular mass, and then again it is split into a deep gorge with irregular towers pushing their rugged pinnacles into the sky above — verily impaling heaven. "Breakfast Head" is a mighty towering fortress of rock, the "Devil's Dancing Point" is bewitching, and "Marble Mountain" is a beautiful, as well as grand, specimen of those "buildings not made with hands." We think of Norway, — Naerodale and Hardanger Fjord — and imagine ourselves in that country of grand scenery, the never exhausted subject of the tourist's enthusiasm. Or have we been transported into North Wales, and is this the Hollyhead Express by the Eliojsig Rocks, and the Penmaenmawrs that we are speeding along?

CROSSING THE ANCIENT COLONY BY RAIL

These scenes, notwithstanding their wild — indeed weird — untamed desolation, do not depress one as a forsaken wilderness. They rather *impress* with the thought of hidden energy and power, and unknown forces silently at work. Here would the soul expand, and grow in the knowledge of God, exploring this masterly stroke of His workmanship. Here are treasures in rich abundance to the one who will come and search them out.

It was indeed a clever stroke of ingenuity and enterprise which pushed this railway through these tremendous wildernesses (piled in almost inaccessible heaps of towering rocks, ravines, gorges, and precipices), and across the Colony. It would almost seem to the stranger an impossible task, so remote is it from all the necessary implements for such a development; yet this is only in keeping with the way the people of Newfoundland have battled with obstacles all through history.¹

Imperfect as our train service may be, we vastly enjoy the trip, and will always be glad that we have known this titan Island in all its primitive conditions, and have witnessed the brave struggles, and supreme efforts of those who strive to bring this isolated colony under the advantages of other lands.

Five miles from the Bay the mountains recede from the coast, and now we find frequent changes from the jagged, and

NOTE 1.—NOTE BY CROSS COUNTRY TRAIN, MAY, 1899.

¹ Apparently we are expected to take turns watching the progress of our luggage, as we see it swaying about on the flat car behind. And it proves to be a constant excitement. Now the word goes around that our mail clerk is missing. He is not seen upon his mail bags. Was he left behind at the Bay of Islands? Has he fallen off his "postal flat car office"? What has become of the registered letters? Who knows?

And now it is reported that bags are lost, and back we go. Whose bags are they? That's the question; and how many more have been left at other times? We must have a look. After a mile's run back they are caught up. Only mail bags, after all.

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY



SHELL-BIRD ISLAND, HUMBER RIVER.

CROSSING THE ANCIENT COLONY BY RAIL

bold masses of rock to fertile, and well timbered ranges. And even by the river side are very considerable stretches of level land. Seven miles from the Bay is a large district which was once heavily timbered, but recently swept by fire.

At 2.40 P. M. we are travelling by Deer Lake — a long narrow body of water with a pebbly bottom — eighteen miles in length, and a mile or two wide. The River Humber flows in at one end, and out at the other. The railway runs along by nearly the whole length of this lake; and not a sign of a settlement is to be seen; yet it looks to be a fine district for a community of farmers — the land so rich, and the situation so fine. Both sides of the lake are densely covered with a tall slim growth of spruce, just such a growth as farmers in some countries "up along" would like to find when they went to the woods for poles, in the days of worm fences.

Yet we are told of two young men who lately came out here to settle, from offices in St. John's, and made farms on the opposite side of Deer Lake. It is a most picturesque spot, yet they need to be remembered in our petitions. If they have the courage to stay, some day they will have a property to make them some recompense for all their privations now. We are told that they are doing finely.

At 3.45 P. M. we are at South Brook, and here we meet the passenger train from St. John's, which is an event. We exchange mails and current news. Our postal clerk gives us every chance to get stamps, and mail our letters. The good fellow runs all the way through the 548 miles, it is said without sleep, and is required to attend to the receipt and delivery of the mails at all the stations. We think he might have half a

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY

night's sleep, and possibly do that too? We eagerly grasp the newspapers for "news," and behold, they bear the dates of the last week in August, and this is the ninth of September. Our world is truly very much by itself.²

At 4.10 P. M. we roll into Grand Lake station, finding only the station, two shanties, and two residents—composing the whole town which has, in fact, turned out to meet us. At this place we cross the large bridge over Junction River, which carries a great volume of water from Grand Lake; the largest, and longest lake on Newfoundland, sweeping from this easterly end, to the southwest, over sixty miles. Sir John Glover's Island, twenty miles long, is one of the most interesting belongings of Grand Lake. Its scenery is said to be very beautiful, and one of its remarkable features is its own large lake, in which is another island. So here we find a sequence of an island

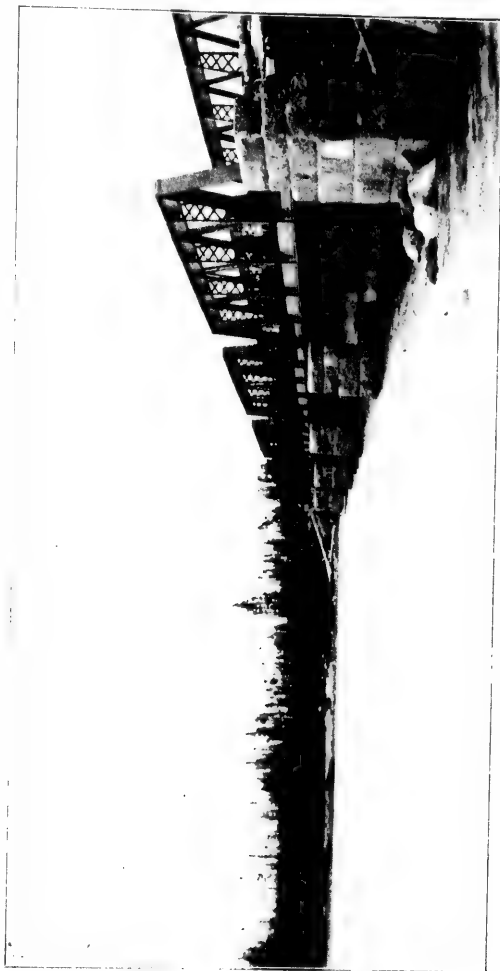
NOTE 2.—NOTES BY CROSS COUNTRY TRAIN, JANUARY, 1900.

² A bulletin of war news, fresh from the seat of war in South Africa, has just been seen, and here we are in the wilds of Newfoundland. The Boers are giving the British a troublesome time of it. Some are puzzled to know how the enemy is being reinforced. Can anyone doubt who watches the crowds around the bulletin boards of the great cities; or who goes to the meetings that are being held here and there to urge sympathizers to action in this war against law and order, and justice; and sees those who take a chief part therein?

All these conditions are so wonderfully predicted by Macaulay, in his prophecies concerning the Huns and Vandals which he foresaw would arise in our modern times.

To the one who studies the oaths and pledges—oaths to destroy all governments—of the Black Internationalists, the Bakunins, and the moving hordes who know no nationality, an army constantly increasing, it is not difficult to perceive where the aid and sympathy may come from. This army is created by the wholesale destruction of small proprietorships; and this is the army that all nations have, some day, to reckon with. By the unwisdom of our laws, and our economic developments fostered thereby, we create armies to overthrow the fabric of society and government.

CROSSING THE ANCIENT COLONY BY RAIL



Grand Lake Bridge from the Lake side, at Junction Station

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY

within a lake, and that lake within a large island, which is within a still larger lake within a larger island - - Newfoundland.³



Scene on Grand Lake

Sir John Glover, who was governor of the Colony from 1876 to 1881, visited the Grand Lake region one summer, and Glover Island was named for him.⁴

³ "The approach to the Grand Narrows, between Glover's Island and the mainland, is a veritable fairyland, and the natural beauties are so enchanting that it would be pure presumption on my part to attempt to convey an adequate idea of the scenery. When the tourist gets an opportunity of visiting this charming spot, and publishing its beauties to the world, all the other well-known picturesque scenery will have to take a second place. * * *

"There was no day, during the time we were camped at the head of the lake, that we did not see a herd of caribou — sometimes five, now ten; in the evening it may be only three, and in the morning twenty. They were allowed to pass unmolested, as we did not want them. The morning we started down the lake, on our journey, a herd of six, including three does, two fawns, and one stag, came down to the north side of the lake and advanced into the water to cross to the other side."

- Mr. P. K. DEVINE in Christmas Bells

⁴ Dr. Harvey of St. John's accompanied Sir John Glover on his tour to this part of the Colony, and from him we have the pleasure of an account of this trip, which was made by way of the Bays at the north, with Indian guides, and tents and canoes. This was indeed a pleasure trip of discovery.

CROSSING THE ANCIENT COLONY BY RAIL



Deer Crossing the River (By permission of S. H. Parsons)

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY

The conductor tells us that we may see deer today or tonight; this is the region where they are found, and he has often seen them. Indeed, in this season three have been run down and killed by trains. He himself has seen as large an herd as sixty running from an approaching train. And we are also told of six seen running from a train that came this way but a week ago. All this proving to us the wildness of the country we are now passing through.

This narrow neck of the great straggling island, lying between the head-waters of the Humber and the Lake, and the deep bays at the northeast on the other side, is the route of the deer in the autumn, from their summer feeding ground in the north, to the treeless and mossy rocks of the south—their winter ground. In the spring they go north again. On the first appearance of winter they gather in great herds, from five hundred to a thousand, and away they go.

We are on time at Sandy Pond Stream—"Sandy Bottom." This stream flows into Grand Lake, which in its turn flows into Deer Lake, and that into the Humber, and so on to the sea. We are off again shortly, and have not gone far when we see indications of civilised life, and judge we must be approaching an important station.

We are now at the Junction—this name has been changed to "Howley Station," we believe.⁵ To our right are the much

NOTE 5.—NOTE BY CROSS COUNTRY TRAIN, MAY, 1899.

⁵ At 4 P. M. we are at Howley, running exactly on schedule time,—except that it is the wrong day by twenty-four hours,—and here we wait another hour for our engine to recuperate, as it is reported to have given out seriously. However, after a time it is patched up, or another one secured, and we are on our way once more.

Shortly after leaving Howley, someone sees Caribou, and now we are told to look toward the woods at our right, which we do, and are rewarded, for about one

CROSSING THE ANCIENT COLONY BY RAIL



Lake Scene at Howley

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY

talked of coal deposits, owned by the Reids. They are worked by Mr. Reid, and the coal is used upon this railway. We secure a lump from a loaded car upon the track near us to examine it. It does not seem very good, but experts say it will be better farther down. There is plenty of this coal within five miles from the main track. If it proves good, it will be of great value to the Island.

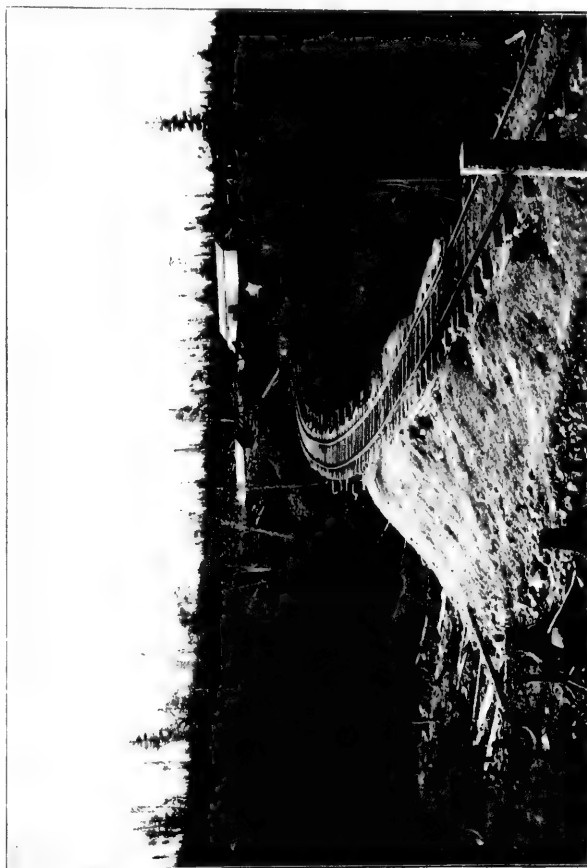
hundred yards away we see four white Caribou trotting from us as we have seen cattle do at the approach of a train, but with heads higher in the air. They stop for a second just as we get opposite to them, to give us the attention our importance deserves as disturbers of the peace to the denizens of the forest, and then disappear into the woods at a rapid trot. A good shot from our train could easily have felled one of them. In all nine were seen.



Meeting of the Cross Country Trains, May 10
(There is snow on the cow-catcher)

The meeting of the trains today is of more than ordinary interest, for now we shall know something more of the condition of the road over which we are to travel to our destination. Deep snow at the Topsails—ninth of May—is the report. The snow seen on the cow-catcher of the approaching train from the east fully confirms this interesting report. But we thoroughly enjoy the novelty.

CROSSING THE ANCIENT COLONY BY RAIL



The Howley Coal Mines

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY

And now by our side at the left is a rocky gulch, two or three hundred feet deep, with a small stream finding its tortuous way through it. It is a most wonderful succession of peaks and crags ; some of the peaks running up like towers and spires, and



Scene of Deer by Cross Country Train
By permission of S. H. Parsons)

then again heaped in massiveness like a rambling castle. Rock, rock, everywhere ; enough to supply material for every purpose during all time.

And now, apparently, we descend from our elevation, and find ourselves at the bed of the stream. We could wade through

CROSSING THE ANCIENT COLONY BY RAIL

it now, although it bears indications of being a huge water-course in freshet time.⁶

At this point we stop to take water, which is led from a stream forming a pretty fall from a perpendicular height of over two hundred feet. The leader is so constructed that the fireman can turn the connection on or off without leaving his engine.

And now we pass through a most miserable country, bogs that cannot be drained, and rocks that cannot be cleared away — miles and miles of it. And after this a grand scene. Far off, to our left, is another long lake — Sandy Point Lake. We appear to be elevated four or five hundred feet above it. Where at one "eye sweep" there seems to be ten miles of lake within our reach, and miles and miles beyond of forest, wilderness, and rock. What a grand view it is! Just such a view as Hamerton describes in his essay on Landscapes; he says: —

"No description can adequately prepare us for it. The strange thing about it is, that it is 'pure nature'."

How vast the sky is; one seems to see so much, and yet the thought travels past all the vision to the limitless sea of space, to the unknown, but the alluring — the coveted.

At 5.45 we are working up a very steep grade; it is as much as our engines can manage. We are approaching The Topsails — the highest, wildest, most rugged, and coldest part of the

NOTE 6. — NOTES BY CROSS COUNTRY TRAIN, MAY, 1899.

⁶ "Kitty's Brook" is today a great broad river, spreading out to nearly an eighth of a mile in some places. We now think of it as being the home of another thousand islands, for as such it seems, as it contains many islands in the freshet time. And this is where we saw the broad dry water-course last September — of rocks, stones, and gravel.

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY

Colony. Far ahead is a great mountain range of solid rock, and farther still, in the distance, seem great plateaus — also of bare rock — surrounded by lumpish hills of the same.

Three conical peaks attract our attention, ten or more miles away. As they are seen now they look like the figures of couchant lions.⁷

As we wind our way up by the side of one of these mountains of rock, we find that the conical heaps, which verily pierce the clouds, are on either side of our track. We can also see, in the distance to the right, the Fore Topsail, and the Main Topsail; and on the left, towering right above us as we pass them, the Gaff Topsail, and the Mizzen Topsail.

They constantly change form as we watch them, until they are finally lost to view, after having seen them for over two hours. This must indeed be a trying place for winter railroad-ing; this land of never ending rock!

Night is coming on, the sun is setting in the far distance, at the very verge of our world, and apparently setting it on fire. The long shadows spread into the solemn twilight of the wilderness. And the mysterious time has come when one feels the

NOTE 7. - NOTES BY CROSS COUNTRY TRAIN, MAY, 1899.

⁷ And again we travel by lakes, rivers, snow, and ice, upon a vast scale. For we are at the highest elevation on the Island, and the view for many miles is unobstructed, except by The Topsails, which this evening appear in shape like huge rounded sugar-loafs. They tower above us many hundred feet, and yet we are told that this is 1800 feet above the sea. Notwithstanding, there are cuttings for our roadway here, and beside us for a good distance we have, at times, snow above the tops of the cars. It is very novel and to be enjoyed, but not for long, as it is decidedly colder.

Our grade is now far down toward the bay coming in from the north. The rapidity with which we rise and descend is shown us by a gentleman traveller, who has an altitude barometer which gauges the height and depth of our descent.

CROSSING THE ANCIENT COLONY BY RAIL

peculiar sensations of this time of the wilds of nature, of its weird and awful grandeur.

“ Now Heav'n's azure deepens ; and where rock-rills run,
Rest on the shadowy mountain's airy brow
Clouds that have ta'en their farewell of the sun ; ”

and the sounds peculiar to day expire, and then dim moments have come which intervene between day and the beginning of the night march of the beasts, and “ the silence is sublime.”

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY



Rapids at Grand Falls — Exploits River

CROSSING THE ANCIENT COLONY BY RAIL



By Seal Rocks

THE TOPSAILS TO NOTRE DAME JUNCTION

A short time after leaving The Topsails we arrive at Quarry (now Cabot Station). This is quite a settlement, with low log and earth shanties, and canvas tents. Quarry takes its name from the industry of the place — the quarrying of granite, which is indicated by the large piles of granite cubes lying by the track, and which prove to be for "Mr. Reid's" street improvements in the city of St. John's.

As night closes in before we reach West Brook, Joe Glades Pond, Badger's Brook, and Bushy Pond, we do not see all of

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY

this section of the country that we wish, but make the best use of our chances.¹

The quiet of rest has lulled the life about us into stillness, and we too sink under the irresistible repose; and resting in our comfortable berths compose ourselves to ponder the long day



Camp in the Pine Woods—Badger's Brook

just passed with the mysteries of nature. It is peculiarly pleasant and satisfying to approach the circle of the great, silent secrets of creation. Even to touch behind the veil of the temple

¹ The names of the stations have been changed respectively to Caribou, Winter, Dawe, and McCallum.

CROSSING THE ANCIENT COLONY BY RAIL

with a deep thought is inspiring. And every breath today, and every thought, has been uplifting to the spiritual man, as well as curative and soothing to the animal senses. The grateful wafts, first from the broad lake, and then from the deep, fir forest, as of old, are strengthening and life-giving to the physical and



Badger's Brook, Crossing Railroad Bridge

mental. The sleep brought by these healthful, pure solitudes restores the equilibrium more than many nights in the crowded city, when to gain even one hour of normal sleep is often an effort; where physicians may try in vain to quiet over-taxed, and worn nerves, and cure insomnia.

Why the creatures of the highest work of the Creator still

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY

herd in the dark, loathsome, Godless courts and alleys of the great cities when there is a beautiful, delightful, and sufficient world of pure air, and bounties for the gathering, is a greater, sadder problem than has yet been solved.

These thoughts crowd upon us as we unhinge our blinds, and gaze out into the clear night. The scene is now by the



View of Exploits River from Railroad

River Exploits—the largest river of the whole Colony; sometimes it courses its way by our right for quite a long stretch, occasionally for ten miles or more.

The countless, brilliant worlds in the great space above are caught and held by the water, and now sparkle in the dancing

CROSSING THE ANCIENT COLONY BY RAIL

rapids, and again the whole heavens are mirrored in the quiet deeps. These wonderful, starry worlds that seem overflowing with great secrets, could we but hear, seem "leaning down to whisper in the ear of our souls." They tell of the endless delight and peace to come when, the work finished here, we pass to the great light of love, justice, and truth. Out from them tonight the loved ones who have gone before, and those far beyond the waters, seem to touch as by a very presence. Verily, not as we are told that it is difficult to reach those who have left us. We are already with them.

How inestimable are the deep, hallowed friendships, the lonely traveller knows as no other being can. How truly they are enshrined in the "amber of memory." That was no idle assertion of Cicero when speaking of his departed friend, Scipio: "Friends, though absent, are still present; though in poverty, they are rich; though weak, yet in the enjoyment of health; and what is still more difficult to assert, though dead, they are alive."

At Bishop's Falls, a few miles from Exploits Station, the river is crossed by a fine stone and iron bridge, through which the water is now rushing at a rapid rate.

A little way down by the north, the Exploits River connects with the Notre Dame Bay. In past days the Indian had possession here — the tribe of the cruel Boethics; and the White Man made several expeditions to the Notre Dame Bay in order to hold peace consultations with these fierce tribes of the wilds.

Just one hundred and thirty-seven years ago Scott, the ship-master, and one of the pioneers of peace and good-will, landed here, built his temporary fort, and then started out

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY



Railroad Bridge over Bishop's Falls, Exploits River

CROSSING THE ANCIENT COLONY BY RAIL

unarmed to the savage Boethics for friendly conference. Once in their power, the principal of the mission was stabbed in the back; others of the party were pierced with arrows, and the remainder fled for safety.

It is now but seventy-nine years ago that H. M. S. Pilot came here by the Notre Dame Bay, and landed a party to make another attempt to conciliate the wild Boethics. After an apparently sufficient, and satisfactory consultation, two mariners were left to further the peace settlements. Later they were found together, backs uppermost, their feet toward the river, and their heads severed from their bodies.

The Red Man was obviously treacherous to the last, having no quarter for the Pale Face. But, on the other hand, was he not frequently cruelly and unjustly treated by his civilised, Christian brother?

The tribe of the Boethics disappeared long ago, no one knows just where; whether it be to Labrador, or whether they have been exterminated by other tribes.²

They are gone, and another era and another people control the Exploits. Nations and races come and go, struggle with ambitions and failures, and are pushed into the great, silent beyond by the more powerful newcomers. Their names are known no more. One cannot but fear as the eternal question

² Near "Bonnie Bay" on the west coast, there is a cliff of hard flint where the Indians were supposed to have secured the material for their arrow-heads. On a strand near this cliff are now found many heaps of arrow clippings, indicating a numerous, and once formidable people. Here, also, are found beneath the rocks and sand upon the beach, remains of their camp-fires, and occasionally perfect arrow-heads. At Grand Lake both spear and arrow-heads have been found. This section was probably one of their best hunting grounds.

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY



Terra Nova River — A Club house

CROSSING THE ANCIENT COLONY BY RAIL

recurs to him. What of them and us in the fine alchemy of justice in the great hereafter? Will it all be as nothing, or will each one be given a place and work? With these questions arising before us, we can well absolve those who strive to make a mark to live after them, if it be but for a short duration. Yet that sad thought ever haunts us of the races and peoples who have melted into the unknown, and have no place within the affairs of this planet. Like the Boethics, we know not where.

"The blue smoke of their camp-fires doth curl aloft no more;
Their softly-gliding birch canoes lie crumbling on the shore.
There's silence in the forest, and silence o'er the land,
The last Red Man has passed away by the ruthless White
Man's hand."

The Boethics have disappeared as the buffalo and elk and antelope and mountain goat in America; as the marten in England; and as the badger is going.

Are we progressed much beyond our savage ancestors who killed for food and self preservation? Do not we seek with equal avidity our harmless brothers of the forest, and for *pleasure*?

The sportsman thinks himself a very clever fellow if he is frequently successful in felling the harmless deer, bagging his numerous braces of birds, and landing his dozens of quivering fish. *All for pure sport!* He denounces that unsportsmanlike proceeding which impels the poor settler to kill his game from necessity. Thus the consensus of opinion of society and the governing class favours, and makes legal, this instinct of our savage natures.

In this country is a great domain with its patches of forest, and its open feeding grounds, its wildernesses, lakes, and countless streams, where the wild animals, the birds, and the fish

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY

may continue on in their native force and completeness without a shadow of loss or hinderance to industrial progress and development.

So surely as man comes to these forest kingdoms as a devastator of a domain more powerful than that made by man, being ruled by the silent, but inexorable ruler, Nature, so surely will the punishment of his vandalism be meted out to him an hundred-fold to him and those who follow after him.

The time will surely come when there will be a futile regret that some place like this has not been reserved for the wild animals, where they might pursue their original habits. Where their histories, natures, and instincts might be studied for the benefit of science, where man might learn of secrets taught only to them, who creep closer to the hidden ways of nature than he can. When they are vanished he will learn with bitterness that all things are made for a wise and intelligent purpose, not for the sport of savage natures.¹

¹ "The extinction of a large or highly organized animal is a serious matter. It is always dangerous to disturb the balance of Nature by removing a poise; some of the worst plagues have arisen in this way.

"We do not know without much and careful experiment, how vast a service that animal might have done to mankind as a domestic species.

"The force of this will be more apparent if we recollect how much the few well-known domestic species have done for the advancement of our race. Who can decide which has done more for mankind, the cow or the steam-engine, the horse or electricity, the sheep or the printing-press, the dog or the rifle, the ass or the loom. * * *

"And he today, therefore, who deliberately exterminates any large and useful, possibly domesticable, wild animal, may be doing more harm to the country than though he had robbed it of its navy.

"This is the most obvious economic view of the question of extermination. But there is another, a yet higher one, which in the end will prove more truly economic. We are informed, on excellent authority, that man's most important business here is to 'know himself.'

"Evidently one cannot comprehend the nature of a wheel in a machine by study of the wheel alone; one must consider the whole machine, or fail. And

CROSSING THE ANCIENT COLONY BY RAIL

The Exploits drains a very large part of the southwest of Newfoundland. Its principal tributaries are streams running from the long, narrow lakes which occupy a large part of the



Station at Exploits River

centre of the Island, stretching away southwestward to the parallel of St. George's Bay, and not far from the Ray Mountains.

since it is established that man is merely a wheel in the great machine called the universe, he can never achieve a comprehension of himself without study of the other wheels also. Therefore, to know himself, man must study not only himself, but all things to which he is related. This is the motive of all scientific research.

"There is no part of our environment that is not filled with precious facts bearing on the 'great problem,' and the nearer they are to us the more they contain for us. He who will explain the house sparrow's exemption from bacteriological infections, the white bear's freedom from troubles to uric acid in the blood, or the buffalo's and the flamingo's immunity from the deadliest malaria, is on the way to conferring immunities on man. Each advance in science enables us to get more facts out of the same source, so that something that is studied today may yield a hundred times the value that it could, or did, ten years ago, and if that source of knowledge happens to be perishable, one can do the race no greater harm than by destroying it." — Mr. ERNEST SETON THOMPSON in the Century Magazine

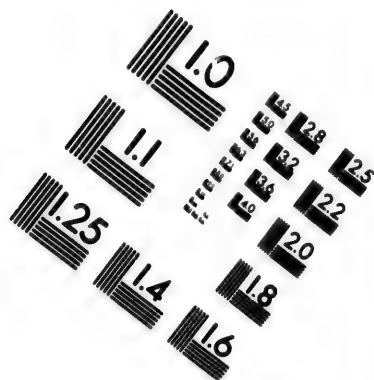
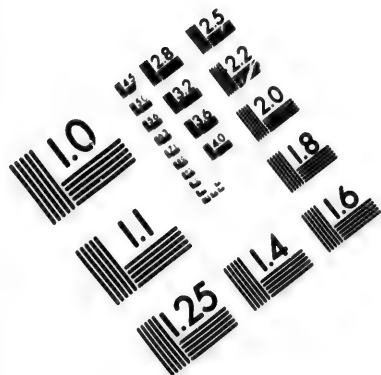
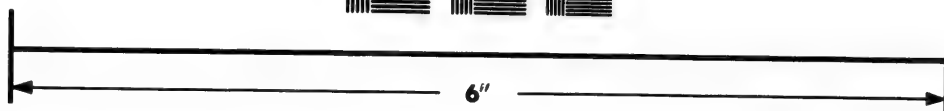
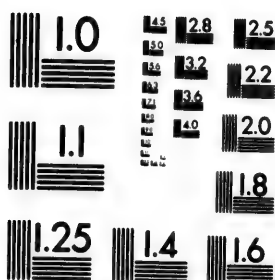


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TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY



The Blacksmith's Forge

NOTRE DAME JUNCTION TO PLACENTIA JUNCTION

Notre Dame Bay is the junction with a short road of about twenty miles to Burnt Bay. This is one of the greatest thoroughfares for the steamers plying about the numerous bays at the northeast part of the Colony. In the winter all these bays are frozen over, when the only conveyance is by sleighs over the ice, which mode of travel is often difficult and dangerous. But the summer tour through this part of the country is very delightful, for the scenery is magnificent; by this way one may also reach the rich copper mines of Bett's Cove and Tilt Cove.

At Glenwood, the first important station after leaving Notre

CROSSING THE ANCIENT COLONY BY RAIL

Dame Junction, we cross the Gander River. This is another of the large rivers of the Colony. The Gander takes its rise far to the southwest, beside some conical mounts called Partridge Berry Hills, not more than fifty miles from Hermitage Bay on the southern coast. After running its course about one hundred miles, it drops into the long, narrow lake called Gander Lake,



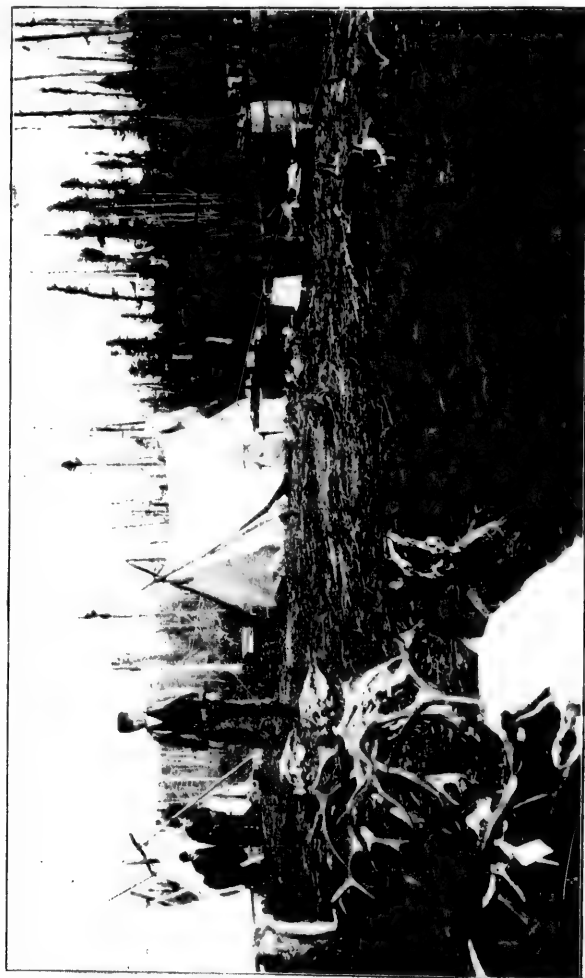
Glenwood — Gander River

into which a number of other rivers and brooks flow, while the Gander rushes on, past Glenwood and our track, away to the sea with all the united force of these rivers.¹

NOTE 1. — NOTES BY CROSS COUNTRY TRAIN — A FOREST NEAR GANDER RIVER, AUGUST, 1899.

¹ The autumn tints are very fine, although not equal to the magnificent ones seen in New Brunswick by the river St. John's, or in Nova Scotia by the Lahave, for here there are none of the Rock Maple variety, and few of the White Maple. Yet the autumn foliage is very brilliant, notwithstanding. The frost, which nipped the potatoes the other day, made the forests very beautiful, especially so in this soft, full autumn morning. We wonder if science will ever discover why autumn leaves upon the same tree turn to such varieties of colour. One must penetrate deeper into the treasure-house of Nature to gain this secret.

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY



Scene in a Hunter's Camp

CROSSING THE ANCIENT COLONY BY RAIL

It is said that the principal part of Gander Lake seldom freezes over. It is one hundred fathoms deep in places, and its surface is seventy-five fathoms above sea level.

There is much fine timber and farm land about the district of the Gander. At Glenwood is a large lumber establishment and saw mill, operated by the Glenwood Lumber Company, of which a well-known Nova Scotian is president.

At Benton, twenty-six miles from Glenwood, is Soulis Brook, over which the railway crosses. This is another centre of a lumbering enterprise. Large piles of lumber are passed. On enquiry it is found that they belong to "Mr. Reid." Passing on to Gambo, Alexander Bay, and Terra Nova, some considerable tracts of fairly good land are seen, but much of it is useless for tree or plant life.²

NOTE 2. NOTES BY CROSS COUNTRY TRAIN NEAR GULL POND, DECEMBER, 1899.

² We have a large number of labouring men on board, on their way from the Whitney Works in Sydney, C. B., to their homes in Newfoundland for the holidays. Someone remarks that they must do this if it requires the proceeds of the next six months' labour to pay the expenses of the trip. This remark, although in this case from one kindly disposed, is a fair instance of the general attitude assumed by the upper classes toward the labouring man. It is the symptom of a disease surely eating into the life of the State and Nation.

So long as the labourer is regarded as a machine, and his natural, higher instincts, and desires for home and family, and spiritual pleasures disregarded and thwarted by the class above him, just so long will he sink into a deeper state of abnormal apathy and brutality--yet not brutality, for he is neither man nor brute since he obeys no laws natural to his estate. And the slow powerful poison of his unnatural condition is that which will level the State to corruption and depletion.

The vast army who labour are as the hands which frame that which the higher intelligence dictates. Let them be coarse, and unwieldy, and eaten with leprosy, and the fabric which they weave will be as they are, and the purpose of the higher intelligence will be lost.

At Gull Pond the train comes to a standstill. The engine has given out, and as we apparently must stay here an indefinite time, all make the best of the situation. A large party is out on the lake trying the skating. We must have passed thousands of acres of the most perfect ice in the last two or three hours--smooth as a mirror. Another party is looking for berries that may have escaped destruction by frost. Finally, however, an engine from St. John's comes to our relief, and we move on our way.

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY



Skinning the Caribou

CROSSING THE ANCIENT COLONY BY RAIL

At "Come by Chance Station" is the overland path, or "patie" to the head of Placentia Bay, and the site of a large pulp manufacturing business. Arrived at Tickle Harbour, the interesting discovery is made that we are travelling over a very narrow isthmus, with glimpses of Placentia Bay on the right, and then of Trinity Bay on the left. The track is now elevated upon a high ridge between these waters, and the scenery becomes varied and fine.³

One of our fellow passengers, to whom we are greatly indebted for much that we have learned about this Colony, tells an amusing story, which we repeat. It is related to a church matter of a little village upon Trinity Bay. A very serious matter it was for a time.

"Many years ago, that is to say, perhaps, when we were boys, and stoves were just introduced into this country, a hard coal stove was procured with much satisfaction and pride for the village church. The stove was put in place, and a fire lighted, but it refused to make any blaze. It was poked and poked, but not a bit of heat or blaze would it make. Each of the parishioners had a chance to exhibit his skill in this line — and everyone thinks he knows just how to make a fire. Finally a special meeting was called to make one last trial. It was proving a failure as all other efforts had been, and the conclusion was to throw it aside, when a gentleman who had had some experience with coal stoves came upon the scene when one of the disappointed ones was relieving his feelings by exclaiming, 'We

³"Come by Chance Station" has been changed to Whiteway. It was certainly a very great shame to change the name of this place, as it was characteristic — and we know to a certainty that "thereby hangs a tale."

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY

might have known better; it is a Methodist stove, and anti-Christ coal.' Notwithstanding, that stove still does its part—to 'melt the frozen and warm the chill.' "

Other interesting characteristics and sayings of these good people are related. The "grannies" of Trinity Bay are positive in their belief that a child born at the full moon is liable to have its tongue hung in the middle, and consequently wag at both ends; and if born at midnight, it will be endued with power to see spirits. Asthma, it is claimed, will be cured by wearing a lock of the first hair of a child in a bag around the neck. Lumbago, sores, and evils are cured in a novel way by the child that was born feet foremost. If they wish to show the stranger hospitality, they may give him "lasbings" of good things—a veritable scoff. If the weather is poor for fishing, there has been too much "hindersome" weather.

Placentia Junction takes its name from the fact that here the Cross Country Road connects with the road which runs between the present capital, St. John's, and Placentia, which was the capital set up by the French, and was thus occupied during a term of dual occupancy of Newfoundland by the French and English.

Ferryland was the English capital long before St. John's was known as such. Government was established in Ferryland by George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore, who colonised that part of the Colony known as Avalon. He was later founder of Maryland, and the city of Baltimore.

From here the site of the old capital, Ferryland, is reached via St. John's; and Placentia is reached by the line of rail we

CROSSING THE ANCIENT COLONY BY RAIL

are now joining; not by ways known in the days of the Stuart kings.

Sometime we will visit these historic spots of interest, and write of them; now our attention is given to St. John's, the present yet venerable capital of Newfoundland.



Log Cabin Hotel

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY

PLACENTIA JUNCTION TO ST. JOHN'S

The next station after leaving Placentia Junction is Whitbourne Junction, where a line branches off to Harbor Grace, and Carbonear, the two largest outports of Newfoundland. They are respectively twenty-four and thirty-six miles from Whitbourne, which is the only inland town in the Colony.

To the right of the station is a farm establishment of some importance, surrounded by well cultivated, pretty, sloping fields, and tidy fences; all suggesting prosperity, enterprise, and comfort, but which, surprising as it may seem, are little appreciated by the majority of travellers. So materialistic is this age that the quiet of a country home holds small inducements to the average American, whose Mecca is the crowded city where leisure and thought are not demanded by him. The owner is named as a popular leader of the opposition to Her Majesty's government in the Colony, and soon to be the Premier, as the present ruling party is said to be losing ground.¹

Whitbourne has the appearance of being fairly prosperous, although it cannot assume any great proportions, as it depends mainly upon the little labour demanded by the workshops of the Newfoundland Railway, which are located here.

A neat little Church of England is prettily situated upon an elevation to the left. The baptismal font of this church being the principal object of value, as once having done service in Worcester Cathedral, England, and perhaps given to this Cathe-

¹ Since publishing the above Mr. Bond has become Premier of the Colony.

CROSSING THE ANCIENT COLONY BY RAIL

dral by King John with his many munificences to St. Wiltstein. This fact makes one look with renewed interest upon the little church, as Worcester Cathedral is a particularly interesting and beautifully situated old fane."

Soon after leaving Whitbourne we reach Brigus Junction. From here runs another branch of the railway to the seaport, Brigus. Carbonear, Harbor Grace, and Brigus are all important fishing stations, situated by the small harbours around the larger water -- Conception Bay.

The sea views and scenery about Conception Bay are very fine. In the distance, seaward, are the numerous high, bold headlands, sharply outlined against the sky. While stretching out at the mouth of the Bay are the famous Bell Isle and Kelly's Isle.

On Bell Isle is one of the most wonderful, and richest iron deposits in the world. The ore can be picked up from the surface, and thrown into the hold of the ships lying at the piers.

The friend who told the interesting anecdotes of Trinity

NOTE 2.—NOTES BY CROSS COUNTRY TRIP, MAY, 1899.

² The St. John's papers are procured here, and are read with much interest for an account of the railroad wreck. To the amazement of all only a casual mention is made of it in a morning issue following the disaster. All felt certain that their friends in St. John's would be much concerned, but now the probability is that not one word will reach a friend upon the mainland. Had all been killed or seriously injured there is no knowing when correct information would have reached them.

These questions arise because of a remark heard to the effect that this event is not likely to be known away from the scene of the disaster, for the Reids own the telegraph line and control all channels of information and would suppress all news not favorable to the railway. This may be incorrect, but the fact remains that this presents a fair illustration of what the possibilities are of a monopoly or union of monopolies controlling not alone the railroads, and suppressing all news by which the people may know of impositions practised upon them, but, from indications of the times, it will not be long before the press will also fall into the hands of monopolies and trusts, and even the free distribution of books be governed by ruling bodies preventing all freedom of thought.

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY



Topsails Beach

CROSSING THE ANCIENT COLONY BY RAIL

Bay now volunteers to tell a story of the happenings at Conception Bay, which appears in more ways than one very much like a "whale." It comes, however, from a good source, and is at least amusing.⁴

Some years ago a fishing craft was lying in Conception Bay with hawser and light anchor holding her to the land, when a big whale was seen coming toward her, with mouth wide open ready to seize a good fill of caplin, which were running thick by the shore. As the whale came up he paid no attention to the hawser, which he caught in his mouth. But as he proceeded, the anchor was drawn in until it caught around his jaw. Feeling this, he made a turn which closed the rope around his neck. Then he made off with rope, anchor, and schooner for the mouth of the Bay. In his excited state he ran upon some rocks which

NOTE 3. — NOTES BY CROSS COUNTRY TRIP, JULY, 1900.

³At Bell Isle the strikes are in progress at the iron mines. There were fifteen hundred men labouring there. Today there are but five hundred. Capital has won this time because it did not require Labour. Labour is as apt to win in the next time of trouble because Capital cannot do without it.

It is not the just wage, but how much the markets can be forced to pay for either one of their products; that is the question. While the *forgotten man*, the fisherman proprietor and the fishermen farmer, is not considered in this new phase of economic conditions for Newfoundland.

One thousand farmer fishermen leave those ranks of the small proprietors who have been the bone and sinew of the State — the Nation-builders — and join the ranks of the labouring classes, not only to become mere labourers, but also to grow into a political and economic force to be reckoned with. Here, as elsewhere, the class of the *forgotten man*, although numerous, and the builders of industrial and moral fabrics of the country, will become less and less important.

Under such conditions the permanent home gradually becomes less a thing of certainty. Although this time the labourer may return to his fisheries or his farm, when the next difficulty between Labour and Capital arises he may win and from that time forward be permanently joined to the ranks of labour.

In exterminating the home, the very foundations of the State and Nation are undermined, and these permanent homes, which are the outcome of a condition of numerous proprietorships, and in which collectively consists the vitality and force of the Nation, cease to be the ethical harmonious power which it is their mission to be.

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY



Topsails' Falls

CROSSING THE ANCIENT COLONY BY RAIL

turned him around again, and in doing this a half hitch was made in the hawser around his tail. This completely secured him to the craft, and away he went careering about until finally exhausted he ran upon a bar, and was secured by the fishermen — an unexpected prize.

At Manuels and at Topsails, the last stations of importance before arriving in St. John's, the scenery is very beautiful. Here are rushing rivers, and pretty brooks; their bold, craggy banks winding among rich sylvan glades, and jutting tree-faced hills. Here one sees fine specimens of matted solid blocks of the typical Newfoundland spruce grove — so thick and firm that they might be walked upon, so closely intertwined that no storm could penetrate them. And then there are the pretty opens, where dew and rain and sun can have their way; where the flocks can find food. And there are the dingles and the dells, through which are the glimpses of the sea. It is really enchanting today in its quiet beauty, and makes one long to choose some fair, gentle, summer day to ramble about the beautiful spots without care or thought, except for the joy of it all.¹

The new approach to St. John's, at the end of the Cross Country journey, brings us to another striking feature of the peculiar Colony. On every side is seen what appears to be a very prosperous section of country. Indeed, from some distance back one is struck with the indications of thrift in agricultural matters. And now this becomes more and more manifest in the

NOTE 4. — NOTES BY CROSS COUNTRY TRAIN, MAY, 1899.

¹A grand sight is to be seen in Conception Bay. Drift ice, and icebergs of the smaller order. Some in close contact with the track, others as far as the eye can see — in fact, as far out as Cape St. Francis. It is learned that two schooners are jammed, one outside of Bell Isle, which is surrounded by bergs.



Manuel's River

CROSSING THE ANCIENT COLONY BY RAIL

abundance of the ripening crops, the well kept enclosures, and farm buildings, and in the homes of the families — very many in good taste, and good repair, and every way indicating abundance, prosperity, and industry.

Our thoughts turn to the abandoned farms of other parts of America; of the farm mortgages; the lessening of ownership by the occupants; the increasing distaste for rural life, the tilling of the soil and the keeping of flocks.

Nearly a decade has passed since the publication of "American Farms." The developments of these intervening years have only brought greater strength to our data, and increased significance and seriousness to the contentions formulated in that volume.

The typical American farmer is each year becoming more extinct. His influence is becoming less and less felt in the national affairs. Among the fertile valleys and pretty hills in the milder climate of New England he has ceased to be a *shadow* of power.

They, who were first to found a nation which was reared and nurtured upon these very farms into a vigorous and sublime spectacle of citizenship and government; self-contained and powerful in all the necessities of being and the principles of right and justice among the family of nations, have ceased to be. Their farms deserted; the land, so valuable in this now overcrowded country, teeming with life, run to waste.

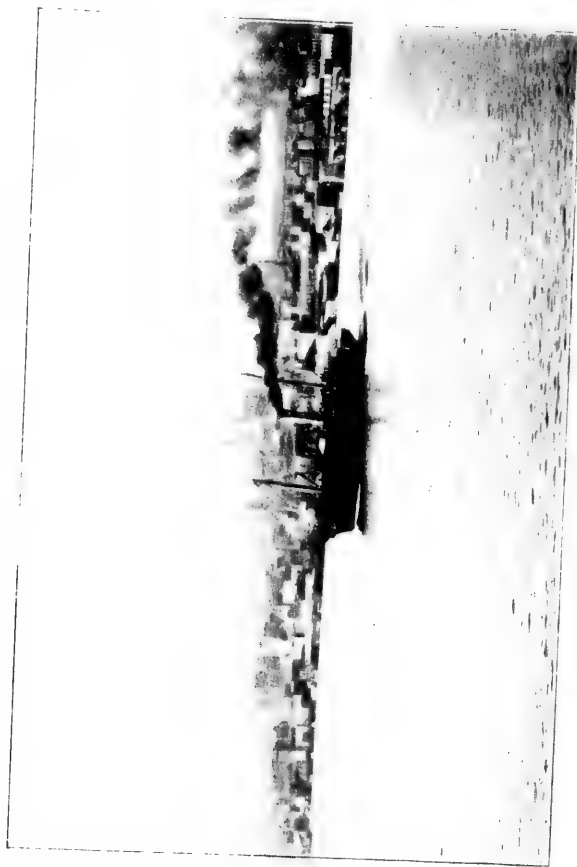
He who stops to consider, and realises the extent of this awful calamity which has at last come upon the great nation — the United States of America — the loss of the typical American farm, and the typical American farmer, is appalled by the

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY

immensity of it and the results. Results felt in the tenement districts of the crowded cities and manufacturing centres of America, where the cries of distress, sin, suffering, ever grow louder and louder, and crime more fierce. Those vile dens where all that makes a human being human is lacking; where the irresponsible and nomadic class is ever increasing. Here see the result of the desertion of those homes upon the beautiful and historic hills of New England. And the power of those now thrown into the vortex of the teeming cities is turned into the cries of despair, and the triumphant yell of the modern Huns and Vandals, predicted by Macaulay.

But the delightful journey is at an end; St. John's is reached.

THE ARRIVAL AND FIRST IMPRESSIONS



View of St. John's from South Side

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY

THE ARRIVAL AND FIRST IMPRESSIONS

On entering the city of St. John's by the Cross Country train, one is much impressed by the advancement and cultivation evidenced about him, and the indications he sees of an enterprising and prosperous people. The suburban residences are very fine, in fact, some of them mansions; all displaying taste and refinement, as well as wealth.

The entrance to the city is made directly upon the site of that memorable spot frequently mentioned in the annals of the French and English wars — Fort William. In fact most of the immediate neighbourhood is historical. A few rods away to the right is Government House (the residence of the Governor of the Colony), and St. Thomas Church, with Pall Mall very delightfully sweeping in between. A little farther along the same way is the Colonial Building, where the Government of the country meets for law making. To the south is one of the finest, most picturesque, and safest harbours in the world, and beyond, rising many hundred feet, is South Side Hill, and a little to the left, that historic place, Signal Hill. Between these hills are the Narrows, the fine entrance to the harbour. At the right of the Narrows, upon the end of South Side Hill, is a portion of Old Fort Amherst, and the light-house in present use. On the opposite side of the Narrows is the remaining part of Fort Frederick, and, in close proximity to this, the signal station, a very important structure, which signals the approach of ships from sea.

THE ARRIVAL AND FIRST IMPRESSIONS



A Glimpse of the Narrows, showing Chain Rock

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY

The two predominant elements which govern the life of the people here at the present time are at once observed, the great fleet of vessels lying at anchor in the harbour and at the wharves, and the great number of churches in clusters, and scattered about all over the city. One, representing the active, daring energy of the people, the other, their spiritual and higher aspirations and hopes.



Crosbie Hotel

We find good accommodation at a hotel overlooking the harbour, with South Side Hill, Signal Hill, and the Narrows in full view. And here, from the window, we inhale the stimulating air for many an hour. And for many an hour study the grand, inspiring scene in all its different aspects; by all its brilliant

THE ARRIVAL AND FIRST IMPRESSIONS

beauties of day, and by its sterner, grander moods of night; when the peals of thunder, circling the distant hills, die in the distant land; when the lightning flashes into view the peaceful harbour with its boats at rest; bringing us nearer to the Maker of it all; filling us with reverence and awe at this mighty revelation of His power.



Scene of Signal Hill and Narrows from Hotel Window

Having gained a general idea of the physical features of the city, its buildings and environs, we turn our attention to the people. The majority impress one by their sincere and earnest manner, and possess the dignity of well-occupied, fully rounded lives. After days of careful study, one is more convinced than ever of the propitious influence a nothern climate yields to the

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY

building of strong races. It is a remarkable fact that one finds little, almost no, deformity or disease among the people of this city, exposed as they are to the elements and a perilous life. One may walk the street from day to day and not come in contact with physical degeneracy; moral vices are also rare, bringing us to the conclusion that this great city of churches strives



Parliament Building, St. John's

to build up the physical being and the moral purposes, as well as to inculcate creed and denominational enthusiasm; watches over the purity of life, as well as the organisation of Sunday schools.

In rambling about, we come upon an imposing building with a fine front, having a heavy row of Corinthian pillars. While surveying it a labouring man passes of whom we ask its use.

THE ARRIVAL AND FIRST IMPRESSIONS

He says that it is "Rogues' Roost," from which the explanation follows that it is where rogues (in the shape of politicians) assemble to "rob" the people.

Is it possible that here, as well as at the Capitol at Washington, at the Parliament Buildings, Ottawa, and the State Houses all over America, the highest positions that men can occupy for the well-being of society — this power — is for sale to the highest bidder? That the rights, the sovereignty of the people is a delusion — a misnomer?

But we realise that at last we have arrived at the Capital, and here we close our book for the present.

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY

SONG

DEAR OLD SOUTH SIDE HILL

The fondest thoughts of childhood's days
Twine round thee, dear old hill,
And as I gaze, thy bare, bleak braes
With love my bosom thrill.
Of all the hills that stud earth's breast
And foreign countries fill,
I love thee more than all the rest
Oh, dear old South Side Hill.

CHORUS:

Oh, dear old South Side Hill,
Old, rugged, scraggy hill,
I look with pride on thy sun-brown side,
Oh, dear old South Side Hill.

I love each nook, each darkling brook,
Each copse of russet brown;
Each gully, pond and laughing brook
That tumbles rattling down.
I love thee, bathed in summer sun,
With opal light aglow,
Or robed in wintry garment, spun
From woof of silken snow.

CHORUS: Oh, dear old, &c.

I've seen the hills that proudly stand
And stretch from shore,
In many a bright and favored land
Far-famed in song and lore;
But oh, there's none so dear as thou,
Old, shaggy South Side Hill,
For thy iron front and beetling brow
My soul with rapture fill.

CHORUS: Oh, dear old, &c.

TO THE OLD CAPITALS BY THE NEW WAY

I've seen Killarney's lofty Reeks
And noble Gailtee Mor,
Ben Lomond's and Ben Nevis's peaks,
And Snowdon's Glyder Fawr;
The lordly Alps and Appenine,
And Hermon's sacred height,
But with all their charms, there's none like thine
Can cheer my weary sight.

CHORUS: Oh, dear old, &c.

Thou standest o'er our harbour's mouth,
Like sentry stern and hoar.
And shield'st us from the stormy South
And wild Atlantic's roar;
When breakers blanch the ocean's crest
And surges dash thy side,
Within thy sheltring arms at rest
Our ships securely ride.

CHORUS: Oh, dear old, &c

His Lordship M. F. HOWLEY.

J. B. Elliott Esq.

Amnapolis Co.,

Nova Scotia.

Dear Sir I thank you for your
book on American farming and
I hope its contents may through the
press be made adequately known
for it is my belief that that subject
may convey much information to
the agricultural mind of this
country. Your faithful obt

W. Ledstone

May 1. 96

(Hawarden)

PRESS NOTICES

"How the (unhappy) condition has come to exist; what are the present results of the depression of the farming industry; and what it threatens, as well as the way in which it may be remedied, is set forth with convincing logic, and an array of facts that tell their own story with great significance and force in 'American Farms; their Condition and Future,' by J. R. Elliott." — *Book Buyer, New York*.

"A valuable addition to the 'Questions of the Day Series,' from Putnam's, is 'American Farms; their Condition and their Future,' by J. R. Elliott." — *Hartford Post*.

"This little book belongs to the 'Questions of the Day Series,' and is as full of meat as an egg. It is a careful inquiry into the causes of agricultural depression in the United States, with the suggestion of such remedies as, in the opinion of the writer, and after a full investigation of the whole subject, will reach the 'disease taking hold of agriculture in America.'" — *Charleston News*.

"* * * 'Read the book and think over what it contains. It is well worth the best thought anyone has to give.'" — *Chicago Times*.

"Dear Sir, — It is with special interest that I have read your thoughtful and practical book on 'American Farms.' Having from my earliest days been interested in farm life with more or less contact, it is with amazement that I contemplate the State — any State — allowing the land to lose its financial power of attracting those who would stand by it. * * * Specially interested have I been in your chapters on 'Intellectual Development' and 'The Social Outlook.' What you say of the possibilities in these respects of American farm life applies to agricultural life here — North Wales. — Wm. Edward Titchuck."

"The author is an intense enthusiast. He writes as an expert; he pleads like a prosecuting attorney; he dashes into the ranks of the future like a brilliant cavalry charger." — *Chicago Journal of Education*.

"The author, J. R. Elliott, has evidently given the subject deep thought, and he gives the results of his studies in language plain and convincing. The work should be read, not alone by every farmer, but by every one who has an interest in our national welfare." — *California Farmer and Dealer*.

"Mr. Elliott in his book has probed the question deeply, and every page shows that he has written not only from a fulness of knowledge, but from a depth of feeling." — *Philadelphia Book News*.

"Its title is very suggestive, viz., 'American Farms,' and it deals trenchantly, pertinently, and truthfully with what is fast becoming the burning question of the day." — *Bridgetown Monitor*.

"This book of Mr. Elliott's will assist the public in forming an idea how the farmers of America are driven to the wall despite all their efforts, and that their farms are rapidly falling into the hands of mortgagees and money brokers." — *New York Consumers' Journal*.

"The author's style is simple, his language free from scientific and technical terms, and his facts well arranged. We predict for the book a large sale among all classes, as it is both instructive and interesting, and treats of the most popular and burning question of the day." — *Weymouth Free Press*.

"The book is written in a clear, plain style, which proves to the reader that Mr. Elliott has carefully studied the subject. His arguments carry conviction, while his facts are indisputable." — *St. John Globe*.

"'Rambles in Merrie, Merrie England,' by J. Rupert Elliott, is being published in five parts. The first part is out, and deals with Jubilee sights in London and the naval review. The second part will be out this week. It is descriptive of trips by the Thames to Windsor Castle, Richmond, etc., and the Henley Regatta. Part three deals with castles, abbeys, and cathedrals; parts four and five, rambles in rural England." — *Hullifur Herald*.

"Messrs. J. & A. McMillan, of St. John, N. B., have just completed the second part of Mr. J. Rupert Elliott's 'Rambles in Merrie, Merrie England.' This consists of articles descriptive of a few delightful trips to the famous pleasure haunts of the Thames. As these booklets have either a direct or an indirect reference to the great Jubilee of 1897, they are a valuable souvenir of the greatest event of our day. To the one contemplating a visit to old England, they are just the thing for a guide, while they are at the same time full of interest to the home." — *Bridgetown Monitor*.

"'Rambles in Merrie, Merrie England' is a booklet just from the press of J. & A. McMillan. Mr. J. Rupert Elliott is the author, and in it he describes the Queen's Jubilee, the great naval review, a run in Essex and the Regal City. The booklet is well worth perusal."

"Messrs. J. & A. McMillan have printed the second part of Mr. J. Rupert Elliott's 'Rambles in Merrie, Merrie England,' this part being largely 'Rambles by the Thames.' There are in all four papers, and one of them describes the Henley Royal Regatta. The valley of the Thames is full of interest to the English student, and Mr. Elliott writes in pleasant terms of events social, historical, and commercial connected with it, and with passing glances at the lives of many eminent persons in English story. These rambles have a connection with the Jubilee year, of which these little books will form a pleasant souvenir." — *St. John Globe*.

" 'Rambles in Merrie, Merrie England,' by J. Rupert Elliott, is the title of a neat little book of fifty pages, issued by the author. Part one, 'The Jubilee,' is already at hand. This will be followed by three other books of the same size, all describing the travels of Mr. Elliott in England in this Diamond Jubilee year. They are also intended to show the possibilities of a trip to England at a price within the power of even a slender purse.

"Mr. Elliott is a racy writer, and vividly portrays many of the changing scenes which he experienced in the old country. The first book has already met with a good reception, and is selling well." — *Orchardist*, Dec. 9, 1897.

"Dear Mr. Elliott, — I received your two Jubilee books, and found them most interesting. However did you manage to see so much? — *Margaret E. Trenchard*."

"Mr. Elliott calls his book 'Rambles in Merrie, Merrie England,' and a merrie England Mr. Elliott finds it. * * * Mr. Elliott keeps his eyes open, handles a ready pen, and has a keen sense of humour, which lightens up the pages of description." — *St. John (N. B.) Sun*.

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les in an ancient colony

Elliott, J R

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